Spear.

The Heartsease Miracle

ANNIE RICHARDSON KENNEDY

"No work I ever came across seems to go nearer the heart of things than 'Heartsease;' just doing the Lord's will that we love one another.

"My thoughts wandered to the great school in the Massachusetts hills which I had passed only the day before. It lay there beautiful in the Spring sunlight. But something better than its sunlight and its green hills had come down here to bear witness to the faith which the founder of Northfield preached all his life—those who were neighbors."

— Jacob A. Riis.

"The love of Jesus has given birth to this ministry; it bears the marks of the Lord Jesus. If He were here, He would claim it as His own and give it His blessing."

— Dr. J. H. Jowett.

"This book will enlighten the hearts of many regarding the Christian service which is being rendered so unostentatiously and successfully in the heart of our great metropolis."

— Dr. Samuel McCauley Lindsay.

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The Heartsease Miracle

A Record of God's Answer to Faith and Prayer

BY

ANNIE RICHARDSON KENNEDY

HEARTSEASE PUBLICATIONS
413 EAST 51ST STREET
NEW YORK

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Annie Richardson Kennedy

DEDICATION

This book is affectionately dedicated to my co-worker who, in response to the Master's call, gave her life to uplift the lives of young girls, as well as to those who by their prayers and gifts have had a part in this Work.

PREFACE

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan said from a pulpit in this city that "the first work of the Church was to alleviate human suffering without regard to character. The next, to preach the 'Gospel of the Kingdom,'" using the fact that Jesus did this as the basis of His remarks (Luke 7: 19-23). Jesus had no program, no organization—He simply went about doing good. He asks His followers to let Him work through them in the same way.

For the last twenty-one years there has been in this city a "work of faith and a labour of love"—"The Heartsease Work"—carried on by prayer "in His Name." While friends have been raised up by God for the work, yet it has been carried on entirely without program, organization, or earthly influence of any kind. The words of the speaker referred to urge the writer to "make haste" to tell this story to the honour and glory of God. God does hear and answer prayer. "The silver and the gold are His" also, and He has promised to "supply *all* our needs." His word is sure.

Recently a young girl in our Home was excommunicated at the Lord's table, although proof had been given that she had repented and was living a clean, pure life. We are reminded of our Lord's words, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone"—and they went out one by one until the woman was left alone, and Jesus said, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no

more." Put this incident over against the scathing words addressed to these same self-righteous pharisees, and it would seem as if Jesus must come to the earth again and literally "knock" at the door of His Church. He is continually saying, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Conditions are about the same as when He first came to the earth. Why don't His Church begin to rescue the lost? Individuals have helped, but the Church has been remiss in this work. A lady said to me recently in regard to a reformed girl, "Oh, no, don't send her to *our* church, send her to a mission church! She would be welcome there!" Others say, "We don't need rescue missions now, we have prohibition." True, but the "prince of this world" is still working, and his specialty these days seems to be "animalism." Let me suggest that you follow the young people into some of the "dens of iniquity" in this city, and you will say to yourself, as did a gentleman the other day who had been in them, "My God, am I dreaming, or is it really true?" Church of Christ, where are your young people? Church of Christ, awake! For Jesus' sake who came "to seek and to save the lost."

First, it does not signify or imply that this privilege of trusting God alone is given by Him as a reward of merit.

Second, neither does it signify or imply that any special faith or any special answers to prayer for temporal things is given by God to the workers in this mission because their Christian life is superior or more holy than that of others. It signifies the belief of the workers in this mission that trusting God alone for temporal needs is one of the methods God is pleased to use and bless in accomplishing His purpose for a lost world.

It signifies the belief of the workers of the mission that the "faith basis" is one into which the mission was led at the beginning, upon which God has set His seal by blessing, and from which He has given indications that it shall not depart. "Call unto Me and I will answer thee."

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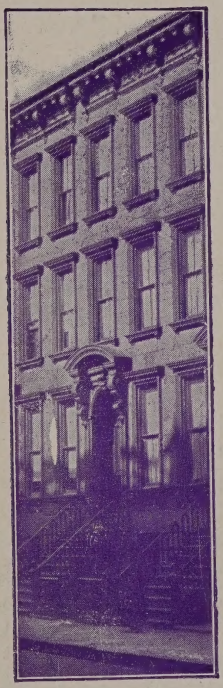
Organized 1899 Incorporated 1920

Heartsease Home for Women and Babies



413 East 51st Street

New York

CHAPTER I

An Open Door

FROM THE HEARTSEASE RECORDS, 1889-1904

A young woman with a "passion" in her heart for her lost sisters stood one day in an old, unsanitary building, at best only a place of shelter. She knew God had led her there, and with a faith born of Him, started this rescue mission with only thirty-six cents in the treasury. Back of this building was a church. Its pastor consented to be trustee of the building, and contributed thirty dollars, half of the rent for the first month. Furniture was borrowed to begin housekeeping. In response to this faith, God began to work and twenty beds with furnishings arrived. Workers came to give their services. How they prayed that some benevolent hearts might be moved to lend a helping hand. For three months they prayed daily for a library and a piano for the reading room. One day a distinguished looking woman, who was a stranger, stood on the threshold of the Home, and asked if she might come in and look at the place, as she had heard of it from friends and was interested. Before she went away the worker knew that the room would be furnished and made attractive for His sinning ones. She also named the Home. This faithful friend has gone to her reward. One day she sent a note of encouragement: "Heartsease has always represented to me

a sweet home-centre for our tired, tempted sisters and I have been glad to have been allowed to share, even if only in a financial way, in the work. I wish for it the richest blessing."

(Signed) MISS GRACE E. DODGE.

In the same simple way clothing and provisions came. Two physicians gave their services. Teachers came for classes, preachers for services, and musicians to help in meetings.

Aggressive work was begun at once to win back to virtuous living the more intelligent young women of the "caste" known as "fallen women." The workers went out after them, seeking them in saloons, prisons, houses of ill-fame, flats and on the streets even to the wee small hours of the morning. They found them—these poor girls, so weary of their sinful lives! They needed a friend and a helping hand. A home in the country was opened. Here by patient, loving effort His "lost" ones accepted Christ as Saviour and came home to God. The lodging house in the city was open all night, and as one policeman said, "I brought her here, I knew you would take her in. No one is ever sent away."

If on visiting a flat, used for evil purposes, one finds a young girl in unspeakable conditions, it more than pays after a pleading interview to bring that one to Jesus, "clothed and in her right mind." If an immigrant girl, arriving in this country, is ruined in one of these low lodging houses, it more than pays to know that now she has one of the finest positions in the city in which she lives and is supporting her family and a missionary. If a young woman is betrayed into a life

of shame, it more than pays to know that she is now a missionary, living to bring others home. If three young women are brought to you through a minister, a convert of his having told of his visiting a house of ill-repute wherein these girls were, it more than pays to know they now are in reputable homes of their own. Recently a Red Cross nurse, a social worker, a deaconess, a business girl, a respected mother came to see us, and all these, a few of the "cases" of these first years.

The work is like Christ's—seeking and saving the lost. It is carried on like Peter's, "silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I unto thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." The worker's only pay is like Paul's—"Ye, are our glory and joy."

The fifth annual report shows God had raised up loyal, faithful friends to pay the rent. Church societies had been interested, and funds secured for the current expenses. Two homes were maintained, one out of the city. There were five workers. Hundreds of girls had been restored to virtue and honour and were making good. God was manifestly leading, but testing times were coming as there had been in the past. No breakfast, God sending what was needed; bills to be paid and no money, yet it came; no workers, but God working in lives compelling them into the service. In this way God took me "by the arms, like Ephraim, and caused me to go" in response to the prayer of years of one of the workers. I praise Him that He did not let me miss this service of rich blessing and fruitage in my own life.

CHAPTER II

Seeking the Lost

September, 1905

My Dear:

You ask why I came into the Heartsease Work. The compelling force of God in response to prayer is my answer. At any rate I am here! This fact occupies me at present, I can assure you. What a place! How little I knew what I was walking into! Should one be as ignorant of the evil in the world as I am? It's a case of "fools rush in where angels fear to tread!" But God is in this place! His "lost" ones are here! He is "seeking the lost"—seeking until He finds. Think of the "rejoicing" when they come home!

The building is old and in need of repairs. There is a stable on one side, a jail on the other, and the "L" trains pass the windows in front. Rats and vermin dwell with us. The inmates are human derelicts of every possible description. There are women old in sin with young girls, and an occasional unwanted, unloved, innocent little baby. None of the workers stay very long—can't stand the pressure! Can I? "God help me," I say a hundred times a day. There are two of us. The other worker leaves the house every morning at 6:30, and I am alone all day with the family, working, teaching, and caring for them in every possible way. We are open all night. We rarely have a night's rest. Girls who stay a length of time

go to the home out of the city. These are surely testing times. The rent is unpaid and there are bills of long standing to be met. Of course, we are glad to put our all into the work, yet there are times when the larder is almost empty. Then we remember "our times are in His hands" and go forward "rejoicing." Our Father is so wonderful in His love and care! If funds are exhausted from unexpected sources money comes. If we need sheets a lady comes into the service and says, "Here is a donation for the Home!" Opening the package we find the needed six sheets. We need carpets and basins. A friend comes in and says, "I am going to send you a barrel that has been in my attic so long I don't know what is in it." It arrives. In it, with other needed things, the carpet and basins. A poor creature is crazy for drugs and insists on going out. We pray God to lay His restraining touch on her and at the door she turns back. Little in the home for dinner, and only two cents in the pocketbook, when, lo, a leg of lamb is sent in from one who has never given anything to the Home before. An important errand needs to be done—no money for carfare! Walking in the street ten cents is picked up and the errand attended to. Prayer to God that new friends may come, brings, in a peculiar way, a Fulton Street fish-merchant to our door. Every week now enough fish is given for two meals. Money is needed. A check for $60, $25 and some small amounts come in. We asked for $100 and $101.50 came. Praise God! He is indeed able to "supply *all* our needs."

What is the aim of the work? It is to provide a home for our less favored and weaker sisters who are in evil environments from want of employment,

from destitution or from bad companions. At first we went after them. Now they come to us from all the hospitals and organizations of the city. All come voluntarily and the circumstances of each case determine the time of residence. Such a motley crowd! There should be classification. New institutions are needed. We hope God will answer this prayer soon. The work is undenominational, but evangelical. We endeavor to elevate these women by instilling into their hearts and minds the principles of right living, using God's word as a text book; to teach them the customs of decent society and to train them to become self-supporting. To this end instruction is given in the Bible, English, Stenography, Sewing and Domestic Science. There is a pleasant and attractive reading room, fitted up with periodicals, games, music and a library. Here our outside girls come for classes, reunions, social gatherings and to talk over their present difficulties with us. Here they are encouraged to right living and to spend their earnings judiciously, as well as to save money. These poor girls know so many things and know them all wrong. It is well worth while to bring order out of the chaos of their minds. So you will see the needs of our large family are many and varied.

You ask me "why" we do it? Because little by little the bars have been lowered and there does not seem to be common decency in dress, deportment, amusements, conversation or conduct. In the papers, the magazines, on bill-board posters, in fact, almost everywhere the eye rests, one sees evil at work. We surely are reaping, *and will yet reap,* a harvest from these things. "Why," my friend? Because we know it is

regeneration, not reformation, that human beings need. Here in this Home is a great opportunity to bring a "lost" one in touch with her Saviour. "Why?" Because we hear the Master say, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." "Why"? Because we are possessed by that vaster love that "constraineth us." This, too, is why our good friends come and remain to help us.

You want to know if we have results. Praise God, we do! Girls are converted. Parents are reconciled. An entire family came for help to-night—father, mother, two children! The father had been ill. Families are reunited. A policeman brought a woman under the influence of liquor a few nights ago. She don't know just how she wandered away from her home. We kept her for a few days, found her family, and to-night she is home a happy woman trusting in her Saviour. The Father in His goodness takes some of His weak ones home.

Here is a "case" of one "saved as by fire." A mother in a distant city interested us in her young, beautiful daughter who was a fencer on the stage, working with her husband in vaudeville in a well-known theatre, but now addicted to the drink habit. The husband had deserted her. The habit had become so strong that she had sunk to the lowest depths, and had been arrested several times. We found her in prison and endeavored to lead her to Christ, who alone could save her from this awful habit. She accepted Him, believing, praying and ever striving to overcome, but, oh, the weakness of this poor creature! She needed help every minute. Again and again she fell, many times being rescued right out

of the dens of iniquity. Once more we would lift her, pointing to her Saviour. She would respond in deep sorrow and repentance. Thinking she could stand she would again take a position. The temptation (and no one except one who has worked with drunkards, knows what it is) would come and she would fall again; each fall left her lower. When she was a physical wreck, and after many years, we induced her to go home to her mother. I think she realized this was her only hope. She lived only eight months, but died a saved woman. Her mother wrote us, "She died in Christ, trusting her Saviour."

One of our friends and the other worker went after a girl in a saloon—a "Raines' Law" hotel—last week. They found her locked in a room in an indescribable condition. They dragged her out and literally carried her home. Poor, weak, helpless creature! God in His mercy has taken her home to Himself. It's a very wonderful thing to stand aside as it were, and see the Master take hold of a life and straighten it out to the last detail. My friend, it pays to invest in human lives—Jesus did it, you know!

I suppose there are three strong influences—overcrowding, motherlessness and lack of discipline in the home, and the street with its evil attractions—which bring girls to us. Summed up—not rightly born and evil environments.

In order to give you our "setting" I have written at intervals and at length. I will do this again, but it may be a long time before you hear from me. My hands and heart are full. Pray *all* the time—"without ceasing"—for us. We have evil within and evil without to wrestle with. As ever yours—

CHAPTER III

"Neighbours"

September, 1906

My Dear:

A year has passed. Life has been strenuous. There has not been much time for writing. Now I will try to tell you briefly of the advance in the work God has given us to do. Hundreds of girls have passed through our hands and only eternity will tell the results. As for the building, a professional rat-man has rid us of the sewer-rats, the money for this work coming unsolicited. Paper and paint has made the house look clean. We are quite professionals along these lines. The laying and patching of linoleum is quite an art. New friends have come. Our financial needs have been met. Once a man offered to give us a concert. He was investigated, and things were not quite as had been told us, so it had to be given up. We needed that money so much. But what do you think happened the next day? A friend in settling her husband's estate gave us a thousand dollars out of her tenth. God is so good and faithful! Praise Him! He did not want us to be disappointed so He provided "some other way." All the furnishings have come from friends, and it is always that which harmonizes and meets our need; everything fits in. A few things we get with soap wrappers. Our friends buy the soap and send us the wrappers. Now we

have a small building fund. Soon we must move for a church is going up in the rear close to our windows. We are flanked on every side. But where, oh where, shall we find a building? No one will want us for tenants. I've been loking around for some time. This we know, when it is God's time for us to move a building will come our way with no effort, for He knows our hearts and hands are full.

Before I tell you of some of our girls, I want to tell you of a visit from Jacob Riis. He is a friend of our Mr. Warren's. He gave us the address at our anniversary. One night it was raining. He and his secretary stepped into our doorway to wait until the shower was over, not knowing it was the Heartsease Home. Discovering it, he rang the bell, and came in. I'll let him tell the interview himself for he has written it up for his book on "Neighbours." "In a mean street, over on the West Side, I came across a doorway that bore upon its plate the word 'Heartsease.' The house was as mean as the street. It was flanked on one side by a jail, on the other by a big stable barrack. In front, right under the windows, ran the elevated trains, so close that to open the windows was impossible, for the noise and dirt. Back of it they were putting up a building which, when completed, would hug the rear wall so that you couldn't open the windows there at all.

"After nightfall you would find in that house two frail little women. One of them taught school by day in the outlying districts of the city, miles and miles away, across the East River. By night she came there to sleep, and to be near her neighbours.

"And who were these neighbors? Drunken, disso-

lute women, vile brothels and viler saloons, for the saloon trafficked in the vice of the other. Those who lived there were Northfield graduates, girls of refinement and modesty. Yet these were the neighbours they had chosen for their own. At all hours of the night the bell would ring, and they would come, sometimes attended by policemen. Said one of these:

"'We have this case. She isn't wanted in this home, or in that institution. She doesn't come under their rules. We thought you might stretch yours to take her in. Else she goes straight to the devil.'

"Yes! that was what he said. And she: 'Bless you; we have no rules. Let her come in.' And she took her and put her to bed.

"In the midnight my friend of Heartsease hears of a young girl, evidently a newcomer, whom the brothel or the saloon has in its clutch, and she gets out of bed, and, going after her, demands *her sister,* and gets her out from the very jaws of hell. Again, on a winter's night, a drunken woman finds her way to her door—a married woman with a husband and children. And she gets out of her warm bed again, and, when the other is herself, takes her home, never leaving her till she is safe.

"I found them papering the walls and painting the floors. I said to her that I did not think you could do anything with those women—and neither can you, if they are just those women to you. Jesus could. One came and sat at His feet and wept, and dried them with her hair.

"'Oh,' said she, 'it isn't so! They come and are glad to stay. I don't know that they are finally saved,

that they never fall again. But here, anyhow, we have given them a resting spell and time to think. And plenty turn good.'

"She told me of a girl brought in by her brother as incorrigible. No one knew what to do with her. She stayed in that atmosphere of affection three months, and went forth to service. That was nearly half a year ago, and she had 'stayed good.' A chorus girl lived twelve years with a man, who then cast her off. Heartsease sent her out as a domestic, at ten dollars a month, and she, too, 'stayed good.'

" 'I don't consider,' said the woman of Heartsease, simply, 'that we are doing it right, but we will yet.'

"I looked at her, the frail girl with this unshaken, unshakable faith in the right, and asked her, not where she got her faith—I knew that—but where she got the money to run the house. Alas, for poor human nature that will not accept the promise that 'all these things shall be added unto you!' She laughed.

" 'The rent is pledged by half a dozen friends. The rest—comes.'

" 'But how?'

"She pointed to a lot of circulars, painfully written out in the night watches.

" 'We are selling soap just now,' she said; 'but it is not always soap. Here,' patting the chair, 'this is Larkin's soap; that chafing dish is green stamps; this set of dishes is Mother's Oats. We write to the people you see, and they buy the things, and we get the prizes. We've about furnished the house in this way. And some give us money. A man offered to give an entertainment, promising to give $450 of the receipts. And then the Charity Organization Society warned us

against him, and we had to give up the $450,' with a sigh. But she brightened up in a moment: 'The very next day we got $1,000 for our building fund. We shall have to move some day.'

"The elevated train swept by the window with rattle and roar. You could have touched it, so close did it run. 'I won't let it worry me,' she said, with her brave little smile.

"I listened to the crash of the vanishing train, and looked at the mean surroundings, and my thoughts wandered to the great school in the Massachusetts hills—her school—which I had passed only the day before. It lay there beautiful in the spring sunlight. But something better than its sunlight and its green hills had come down here to bear witness to the faith which the founder of Northfield preached all his life—these women who were neighbours.

"I forgot to ask in what special church she belonged. It didn't seem to matter. She had sat at the feet of Him who is all compassion, and had learned the answer there to the question that awaits us at the end of our journey:

" 'I showed men God,' my Lord will say,
'As I traveled along the King's highway.
I eased the sister's troubled mind;
I helped the blighted to be resigned;
I showed the sky to the souls grown blind.
And what did you?' my Lord will say,
When we meet at the end of the King's highway."

We can still hear him say, "Mien Gott, Mien Gott, how can you live here!" This good friend went away

with the story of "Heartsease" to a friend who in turn became our friend.

Pray on for the new building! We believe that "moving time" is near for us. The different "cases" I shall have to leave for my next letter. There is one girl with us who needs special prayer—a high school girl whose life has been ruined by a teacher in the school. The girl's mother, a widow, came to this country with her only child, putting her into the home of this man's mother, her only friend, with this result. Your heart would ache for the old mother. M— is the child of her old age. The girl has found her Saviour. She needs our prayers.

As ever yours—

CHAPTER IV

Marred Vessels

June, 1907

My Dear:

In this letter I want to write about these poor girls —"marred vessels." To mar means to injure—"not right"—; a wrong or damage done to another; usually two or more lives are involved. There are a great many elements which enter into the marring of these human vessels—heredity, lack of home training and right religious teaching, intemperance, ignorance, congestion, loose life, economic conditions, immoral literature and suggestive pictures, unclean amusements and a girl's uncontrolled, inborn tendencies.

When a vessel is stained, broken, besmirched or marred in any way, we think first of its uselessness. It is no longer able to fulfill the first function of a vessel; it has ceased to be of value. Next, we think of its defilement, and do not want to touch it. It was created for use, reflecting the maker's image and character and showing his stamp. The name has become illegible; his image is no longer mirrored on its surface. We "cast out" such a vessel and throw it on the refuse heap with all broken, disabled, useless things. The Great Potter takes the vessel and remakes it "as it seems good to the potter to make it," cleansing it with the only fluid (His own precious blood) that can make black white, and stamping it

again with His own name. He not only does this, but He fills this common vessel and uses it for His honour and glory.

As I write this every girl but one in our home is a church member, and not one "born again" when they came to us. They did not understand the simplest truths of the word of God—did not know what "born again" meant. Do you realize that these girls were brought up in Christian homes, and have attended church and Sunday school all their lives? They now see their sin and their Saviour, testifying to the saving, cleansing power of His blood. Last year I realized this class of girls were coming to us—they are here! The solution of these problems lies in bringing souls in vital, personal relationship with their Saviour.

We may establish homes, organize societies, collect statistics, preach and talk on this subject, but until we each individually hear the voice of our Father, saying, "Where is thy sister?" and emulate the example of Him Who "went about doing good," little will be accomplished. It requires only a brief examination of the four Gospels to show Christ's way of helping these marred and broken vessels. He allowed a fallen one, and yet one whose soul was precious in His sight, to wash His feet with her tears and wipe them with her hair, saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." At another time He said, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." Christ's way of helping was not simply to provide a home, food and clothing, and then treat a girl as if she were a moral leper, but, on the contrary, He was willing to acknowledge her as a friend in a public assembly. He was willing to be held in disrepute (are we?) by being called the friend

of a fallen and outcast woman. Until we follow His example—the example with a heartbreak in it, and that weeps over a city—in a very personal, indivdual way, both in preventive and rescue work, our efforts are vain.

In an interview with a gentleman the other day, he told me he had collected the stories of three hundred girls of good American parentage, who were working each day and living a wrong life. I feel the time has come for us to do something. May I make an appeal to you? Will you not interest yourself in one or two young lives of either sex? Make an effort to find these young people—they are everywhere. Attach yourself to them with love and understanding, remembering your own youthful days. Recognize the good in them, develop it and bring them up to your own standard. Above everything else, endeavor to bring them in touch with their Saviour who alone can save them. Fill up their lives with the best and you will find the old things will slip away. It is the personal, individual work that counts. It requires a big heart, insight, breadth of vision, sympathy, understanding and the guidance of Him Who said, "Whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it."

"Great Potter at the wheel of life,
Moulding the clay with skilful hand,
Thou had'st a plan for my frail life—
Alas, I would not understand;
Had I but yielded to Thy touch,
My life had been a vessel fair,
Used for Thy work, to bear the cups
Of living water here and there.

"I did not see Thy way was best,
I chose my own and marred Thy plan,
Now crushed and broken here it lies,
And I with grief the fragments scan.
O Potter seated at life's wheel,
Take once again this life of mine,
And shape some vessel for Thy work,
Though humble, yet for use Divine.

"By Thy rich grace my will shall be
In Thy dear hand as plastic clay,
Where Thou may'st show Thy wondrous thought,
In colors bright or colors gray.
Yes, from life's ruins Thou wilt make,
Less beautiful, but useful still,
A vessel Thou wilt take and use,
And with Thy living water fill."

With this little verse I close. Will give you "cases" in my next letter.

As ever yours—

"....OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN"

CHAPTER V

Type Cases

September, 1908

My Dear:

According to my promise, my first "case" is one that tells us that "like begets like." An aunt brought up a little girl whose mother died when she was born. The girl's father was a drunkard, deserting his child; in fact, she had never seen him. Graduating from college with musical tendencies, life opened up in a large way for her. She married early and entered upon her new life with great joy. Two boys were born to her. Just about this time they changed their place of residence and began to mix with a "fast" set with drinking habits. After the first drink or two this young woman realized that within her was a tremendous appetite for liquor. It amazed and alarmed her. It surely could not be that a few drinks would make her a drunkard, and she was fast becoming one. She went to her aunt with her dilemma, and the aunt told her of her father and his tendencies. It seemed to fill her with despair and recklessness, and she drank to drown her sorrow. Her husband would come home and find her dead drunk—she would get the liquor at the grocery store. She told me he waited, worked and labored with her—"it was hell for eight years"—hoping she would reform and become a decent mother to her boys, but drink possessed her. He then divorced

her. She went from bad to worse. Her cousin (who never gave her up—thank God for such a woman!) came to us in desperation one time and asked us to help with the woman, saying she had been in the hospital and was now in her right mind. This fine, delightful, but weak woman, came to us, and was—with her musical ability—a great addition to our home. Then began the battle. How she struggled in vain to conquer the appetite! Only God could help her. We had the pleasure of leading her to Him and seeing the work of grace go on in her life. Later she developed tuberculosis and had to go to a hospital. She died a saved woman. How she thanked God for this Home, and salvation and deliverance through the blood of Christ. Her cousin wrote me that it was her one topic of conversation, and that she seemed to have no words to express her gratitude.

Here is a "brand plucked from the burning": "Will you come up to the hospital and see a girl I have here? I will not let her go back to this furnished room." We went. Here was a girl who had been living with a married man—a conductor on a car—in a furnished room. His wife and family lived out of the city. We brought her to the Home, cared for her and her child, and found her a position with the child. She now sees what she has done. Her employers speak of her in the highest terms.

There are many deserted wives such as these three cases:

A woman whose husband spent most of his time on the Island for nonsupport had three children. The city helped her. A better way would be to compel the

man to support his wife and family. It would also be economy for the city.

A fine young woman with two children found her husband was keeping up two establishments and had another wife; therefore she was not a wife. The law sent him to prison. These two women are working trying to support their children—and his!

A foreman in a factory promoted a young girl and then ruined her. He had a wife and family. The law compelled him to keep on working and support his family, as well as his illegitimate child. Is not this the better way? This young girl is one of the best cases we ever handled.

And school children! Glancing hastily over my books, I find a "bunch" of fourteen—and stop! That is surely enough. These are girls brought up without right home influences, no training and initiated wrongly in the ways of life.

We are greatly in need of a worker. Won't you pray much that just the right one will come? We need some one who will get right down alongside of a girl in loving sympathy with her, notwithstanding her undone, debased, forsaken condition. If only one has the Spirit of Christ regarding His "lost" ones, the training will take care of itself. We can train. We believe God has just the right one ready to meet our need.

As ever yours—

CHAPTER VI

"Sins of the Fathers"

September, 1909

My Dear:

You will rejoice with me that we are safely moved into another building on the East Side of the city near hospitals. This prayer was so wonderfully answered! Praise His great and glorious Name! The time came when we must move. God knew this. All day Sunday a burden of prayer was on our hearts. Monday morning I *must* find a building. Then the assurance came and we knew all would be well, "even as He said." I went into an agent's office and immediately to this house. It was ours with just that simple effort. The extra money for moving and the larger rent came, too. How faithful God is! "Before ye call I will answer" was true again. Our landlady is a Jewess. She has done so much for us! Put up fire escapes, new range, etc.; in fact, has made us most comfortable.

Another prayer has been answered. It is that of the classification of these women. With the arrival of the Night Court and the New York Probation Society, and with the help of other institutions, girls have been placed just where the best work could be done with them. We spent a Summer with six women—one the granddaughter of a judge, one a French woman, speaking many languages, one an Irish mother, one a scrubwoman, one a nurse and the other a woman of

the streets—taking them to a clinic for a *"cure"* for the drink-habit, and every one of these "drunks" went on in their old ways. Only Christ can cure a drunkard. These women now go to a home established for just this purpose. The women that have fallen to our lot are the better class of young girls who "have slipped and fallen"—nurses, stenographers, girls from their own homes, salesgirls, factory girls, etc.

What is our method of working? The first thing we do is bring a girl in touch with her Saviour. After regeneration (the foundation) we can then do constructive work, and we aim to upbuild character. We do individual work. There must be a complete understanding of the individual. As a result, therefore, of physical examinations (a clean bill of health is required), mental tests, and a knowledge of human nature that has come with the years, we are able to determine what girls are mentally and morally deficient, and to what extent feeble-mindedness has been the cause of their downfall. Lack of being rightly born and trained is a much greater factor than environment in abnormality and sin. A girl who has simply "growed" like Topsy, without training mentally, morally or physically, is a problem. Last year we had several girls who could not even read or write. Briefly speaking, from our many years' experience, the reason girls go wrong is because of lack of home-training and the right sort of fathers and mothers. Recently I read of a publication entitled, "The Training of Parents." This is the need. Oh, let us pray that God will preserve the good homes, and that fathers and mothers will get back to the principles laid down for them in God's word.

Let me give you two cases of "the sins of the fathers":

There is in our Home to-day a girl who does away with all our theories and proves the power of God to work even with one mentally below par. This girl comes from bad stock. She has an illegitimate child and has been very wayward, but now she is soundly and thoroughly converted. I look at this girl with her courage and faith, realizing as never before what Jesus can do with a poor, weak human being. She is going home to-morrow with her child because she is needed there. We all know what she will have to face. Her father was a bad man and died four years ago of consumption. She has a sister in Bedford Reformatory and two wayward brothers. Another brother died of consumption and two younger ones show symptoms of the disease. Her mother is crippled with rheumatism. The town keeps the mother and the smaller boys. This girl is going home to care for them, and from what she tells me, it is no enviable task. It is her place, she says, and she must live out her new life right where she went wrong; others will then know what Christ has done for her and she can best honour Him in this way. "What hath God wrought!"

Another case of "the sins of the fathers" is that of a family of nine brothers and sisters. There is a feeble-minded sister and a blind brother. Both parents are dead. The father was a very evil man. What that mother endured only God knows. From a small boy the oldest brother worked and kept the family. The father's evil nature in some respects descended upon him, and the other day as he wept and con-

fessed his sin to me (in an evil moment he had ruined his feeble-minded sister), I only felt a great compassion for him and prayed the Father to deliver him. The entire family is now paying a price beyond words for the "sins of this father."

A poor, weak, little Jewish girl was sent to us by a society who determined to look up her antecedents. Many years ago her grandfather came to this country from Russia. His wife was dead and he had six children. He proved unable to care for himself or the children. A society in New York put the children in institutions and gave him a pension. On this he lived so comfortably that he married again—a woman of the streets—and brought six more children into the world. These children—all weak-minded—too, were eventually put into institutions. The little girl who came to us was the child of a daughter by the last wife. Her mother had spent much of her life on Randall's Island. This girl was to become a mother. She was so far down the scale mentally that we could do almost nothing with her. After weeks of concentrated effort, we taught her to make beds. The matron of the institution where we sent her said this was the only thing she could do. Her child died. In this case the reader can easily see the error and the remedy. These are the girls (the streets are full of such men) who should be in custodial institutions, but they are free and in all probability this misdemeanor will be repeated. This class of girls should receive immediate consideration from those who control correctional departments.

Will give you "results" in my next letter.

As ever yours—

CHAPTER VII

A Lost Alien

September, 1910

My Dear:

I want to give you just three "cases" to-night. The first is "an institution product." A mother brought her very young daughter to us at the twilight hour with an almost insane desire to get rid of her. This mother surpasses all others for hardness of heart. With the light on the girl we found her covered with vermin; we had to shave her head. I said, "Did your mother know what kind of a state you were in?" "Yes, but mother didn't care. I told her about this, but she would not help me."

This mother was apparently a well-spoken woman of years and experience. I found out later her two children had been brought up in institutions; she had been relieved from all responsibility. The boy has turned out fairly well; the girl is ruined. She knew how to "work" institutions while she worked as a practical nurse and banked her money. What other result could there be with such a mother? We have had hundreds of institution girls. They do not seem to know how to cope with the world; their ignorance is a pitiful thing to see; they are like young, wild animals suddenly let loose with absolutely no staying power—nothing within to hold them or keep them

straight. Institutions are certainly not the place for boys and girls. They do not get the home training which develops individual life, strength and character.

This girl was a mere child with no knowledge of life. She did not know the name of the young man she had "picked up" on the street. He easily accomplished her ruin. Here was a girl who had never had a chance. It was a case of beginning at the very beginning—"line upon line, precept upon precept." The mother took herself completely away so we could not even write her. When the girl's child came, and the hospital notified us she might die, we could not find her. She told me later she would not have come in any case; the girl had made her bed, she could lie upon it. The poor, little girl suffered all through the hot summer, caring for her little one as best she could, but she needed much help. As it seemed impossible for her to care for herself, let alone the little one, a home was found for the child, after which we began to definitely train her for a housekeeper. We encouraged, probed, worked and helped. To-day she is giving first-class service in a large institution, the superintendent using such words as these in speaking of her service: "I have never had such good and efficient service in any capacity."

My next case is the "sin of physicians." A very young girl came to our door one day, with unmistakable marks of refinement on her despite her wretched looking condition. It was my first experience with a "drug" case, so I was a bit puzzled. Soon the truth came out. A physician began to give her drugs for pain when she was very young, and a habit had been formed which left her homeless, friendless, and

morally hopeless. I worked personally with this girl for nearly two years. She was fond of me and I could hold her. But morally, mentally and physically she was a wreck. There was nothing to work on. She wanted to do right, but her whole nature seemed to have changed—there was nothing to her, so to speak. One day she slipped away from us and I have never seen her since. But I believe she was saved. May God forgive physicians for this sin against poor, weak human beings!

The third case is that of a "lost alien." In the early morning hours of one of the coldest, bleakest nights of last winter, a little, frail, French girl, who had only been in this country three months and could not speak a word of English, left the apartment where she had been employed, in the travail of coming motherhood, seeking to gain a place of refuge on the east side of the city. A policeman found the mother and child unconscious at one of the exits of Central Park. He had her removed to a city hospital, and afterward informed her employers of her whereabouts. They did not know she was to become a mother, so carefully had she concealed her condition. This girl was a case for deportation. Her employers solicited our interest in the girl, speaking of her in the highest terms. We took her into our Home, becoming responsible for her and her child, as we feared she would take her life if deported. She is an unusual girl.

Her story is as follows: All her life she had lived in a small village of France, the lady of the village employing her as lady's maid for the last five years. The youngest son of the family fell in love with the girl, but he knew right well permission (a necessity

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

in France) would not be given to marry this humble girl. (Since 1400 his people had owned their estate). Realizing a child was to be born to them, he sent her here, hoping to follow immediately, but he could not get the money from his mother, or in any other way, to come. He appears to be a gentleman and scholar. I have never read finer, truer letters than he has written this girl. L———'s faith in him has been unmoved through all her suffering and loneliness. She has been with us six months. Last month a cablegram came saying he was sailing on the La France; afterward a letter to me confirmed this. The La France came in, but he did not come. L——— went around weeping in her despair, saying to me in her broken English, "I am lost!" "I am lost!" "Poor baby!" "No father!" "Oh, pray, Miss R———, pray!" "He promised to come!" As the days went by she wasted away to a shadow of her former self.

In about two weeks a most abusive letter came from his mother. She had found out about L——— and the child, and stopped her son from sailing. L——— has bravely taken up her burden going to work with her child in the family of a friend provided for just her need—a lady who speaks French and who has a deep sympathy for the girl. There is silence in France, but I believe God is working, and this beautiful, aristocratic-looking little baby girl will have her own name. A letter from L——— to me states that she is praying; we are praying; God hears and answers prayer.

I am as ever yours—

CHAPTER VIII

The Nursery

December, 1910

My Dear:

This will be pretty much a "baby" letter! Many women with babies have applied to us during the last three years—young unmarried mothers or deserted wives. The silent appeal of these little ones and the helplessness of their unfortunate mothers have been stirring our hearts for a long time. It has become imperative for us to help them. We have opened one floor for their accommodation. This is by no means adequate. Some of the unmarried mothers are very young and unable to care for their babies. Others, for excellent reasons, cannot do justice to their little ones. It has been found best to have some of these children adopted into families where they will have the love and care to which they are entitled. This has been a most satisfactory feature of the work. It came about in this way: We phoned one morning to the hospital to ask about Mary (a very young girl). We were told that she was not there, but that she had been sent to the Municipal Lodging House (a good place for some cases, but not for a girl with a ten-day-old baby). We got in communication with them, and asked them to send the girl to us. When she arrived she almost fell in the door from exhaustion, and girl and baby were a

sight to behold. So now we have our nursery. But we needed furnishings! Shopping that day, a voice beside me said, "Will you not speak to me?" "I beg your pardon," I replied, "I was so preoccupied with my girls and babies!" "But you are just the person I want to see! Today is Betty's birthday, and I want to give you Betty's birthday, Christmas, and Easter hat money for your babies." "Praise God," I said, "I was just wondering where the money was coming from for the hanging beds I want for the nursery! And so Betty Johnson (with Jesus) is doing a wonderful work for Christ in little lives. Betty's beds (so designated) have their own influence in the hearts of young mothers. How quickly God answers the heart's uplift for helpless, little ones!

Now I must tell you of my little waif! In my mail one morning came this petition: "Miss R———, I will be in New York in a few days. Can't you find me a baby? I cannot wait longer." For nearly two years I had been trying to find the right child for this home of wealth and culture. Kneeling, I asked our Father to direct me in my quest as I had no suitable child in the Home, and I knew there were hundreds of little waifs needing homes.

Going into an institution, I asked the superintendent if she had a little girl for adoption. Yes, she thought she had. We went up into the large nursery and looked over the children, but I saw none that would fit into that home. Raising my eyes, I glanced at a nurse just bringing a child into the room. "Is that child for adoption," I asked, "she seems an unusual child." At the very first glance I saw she was different from the other children—refinement, beauty, strength and great

possibilities were in evidence (later a baby-specialist confirmed my hasty diagnosis). She replied that the child had been brought there when she was away ill, and that it was not entered under its right name. This proved to be the case. In fact, she knew almost nothing about the child. Before leaving I got a small clue, did some detective work and found the mother. She came to see me with her mother. The girl was a very child, young and beautiful. Their pedigree was long and old. She was an only child. The baby's father came from the stock that made American history. He was a college man with a record. They had been engaged to be married. Here was a situation! I begged, pleaded and agonized for that child. The young mother hated the man; her mother could see nothing but disgrace. This girl had been the hope and pride of their life. (In passing let me say to you, if you want to see humanity in its hardest, baldest form, touch relatives of young girls who have "slipped and fallen." There is absolutely no mercy for the little, innocent baby.) After a long struggle, I said, "You surely are not going to leave this beautiful, refined child in the stream of homeless infants, subject to disease, desertion and perhaps an early death? This child has a right to her name." "Yes, and if she dies it will be the best thing that could happen." I then suggested adoption to them, but felt I must try to make them see their duty to this little babe. The Father had surely answered my prayer, for this little one fitted perfectly into the hearts and home of these foster parents.

When Mrs. C——— arrived in New York I was able to give her a word of encouragement. We

brought the child to the Home, had her examined by a baby-specialist, cared for her for some time, giving her a start for her new home. She has been legally adopted and is now the joy and life of her foster-parents. The other morning the bell rang, and I heard some one say, "Is Miss R——— in?" "Yes," was the response. "Wait a minute, I've got some one to bring in." When I entered the room I saw as dainty, beautiful and refined a little girl as ever one's eyes rested on, and I thanked the Father that He had used me to rescue this little one.

Our dear Mrs. Stearns has sent the following letter to Mr. Moody:

"In the February *Record of Christian Work,* there was an article on The Heartsease Home, but the address was not given. As it is such a beautiful work, carried on by two consecrated women (both Northfield girls) who are giving up their lives to this work without any remuneration whatever, I have a strong desire that it should be better known. I have been connected with it for many years, and I know whereof I speak. At times I fear their needs are very pressing, and yet they never refuse to take in a homeless, despairing woman night or day. One of their greatest needs just now, is some one to help them in their work. Is there no one who would offer to help in this vineyard? The motto is, 'Jesus Saves'; their address, Heartsease Work, 413 East 51st Street."

Yours ever—

CHAPTER IX

A Narrow Escape

September, 1911

My Dear:

I will give you a few more "type" cases and then tell you of my little girl who escaped the White Slave Traffic. This story has been printed in the *Record of Christian Work,* so you may have seen it.

Many nurses come to us. A fine, educated woman, who became addicted to the use of cocaine in her profession, came to us recently. We did all we could for her, but she went back to her nursing and her evil habits. She is now an heiress, and her brother has been searching the country for her. We had another graduate from a hospital who seemed to have no right principles but much outside veneer. She sinned against great light; knew the right but would not do it. Just now I think of one other who did make good and writes of her changed life. Then there are actresses—one, a Spanish girl, discharged from a hospital, came to us in great weakness. She was one of the "lost" girls; we could find out nothing about her. Two vaudeville girls, diseased, with no thought of right living, had to be put into the hands of the authorities. We have stenographers—many—musicians, school teachers, and I think of one missionary. She was a girl who had been brought up in a family of

missionaries and ministers. She committed a wrong deed, paying the full price for her sin. Now she is being greatly used of God. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

This is the story of my little school-girl:

"There came to our door one day a young, innocent, beautiful girl about fifteen years of age. She had been induced by an agent of the White Slave Traffic to come to New York City from a town some distance out, where she had been in school since the death of her mother. The agent had come to the school in the guise of a hair-dresser and picked out this simple child as her victim. After much inducement the woman persuaded her to take a train to the city, instead of going to her aunt's, as had been her custom every Friday night. The agent told the girl she would buy her fine clothes, take her anywhere she wanted to go and give her a good time. The girl in her innocence came and waited for the woman until 10:30 p. m., when she asked a policeman where she could stay all night. He sent her to a lodging house where she was safely housed until morning. Just why the agent did not meet her is unknown to us—possibly she had been sent to another city, or the police were looking for her. It is useless to say she did not return to the school again. The girl had heard about Macy's store and wanted to visit it. While there her pocketbook was snatched out of her hand. On some one's advice she next went into one of the employment offices which abound in that section of the city, thinking she could get work for a week and earn enough money to return home, so that her father would not know what a dreadful thing she had done. She sat

down in a chair next to a girl who had been helped in the "Heartsease Home," and this girl, seeing she was in trouble, told her to go to the Home. In the meantime the clerk had sent her to a restaurant (not a fit place for any girl to work in) where she was engaged to come Monday morning. When she came to us she was afraid to tell all her story, but we gradually won her confidence. We then communicated with her father (an official on a railroad) and sent her home. Neither the father nor the girl ever realized what she escaped. Her childlike, simple letter of gratitude we still have, giving conclusive proof that she was a very child as regards the world and this evil.

Yours ever—

CHAPTER X

A Free-Love Girl

September, 1912

My Dear:

You will be wondering about our finances! Through the years new friends have been raised up for the work, which is not now so "picturesque" as our dear friend, Jacob Riis, puts it, because we have a comfortable place to live in. We should have—God has seen to that. Friends of all the years have stood by us and interested others. The ladies' societies of the various churches have multiplied, as well as King's Daughters' Circles, who keep us supplied with little garments and other useful household things. One good friend has come to our aid in many a crisis, as she did in the buying of this property. A time came when the lady who owned the house wanted to sell it. We lacked a thousand dollars of the purchase price. Our good friends met and we talked it over. Where was the money to come from? "God," of course, "the silver and gold are His!" Will you pray *much,* for I have the assurance now is the time to buy the house. A trip was in prospect and I had to leave the city. In another city I was going to secure reservations when such a conviction settled on me not to do it, that I returned to a relative's home. Entering, a letter was handed me. Inside a check for a thousand dollars and the words, "I hear you want to buy the house, here is a

thousand dollars!" Our Father knows, cares and provides. Praise His dear Name! I came back and we bought the house. Now, my prayer is that the mortgage may be paid and that first of all it may be taken out of the hands of worldly people. "Father, raise up one of Thine own children to take the mortgage," we pray.

We have been praying, too, that we may never close a month with a deficit in the current expenses, and God is graciously answering this prayer—one month only twenty-seven cents on the right side! Boxes and barrels of just the things we need have come. We needed an extra dining-room table. After a week of prayer, a friend came in and said, "My father says if I don't get rid of that large dining-room table he will chop it up for wood." "Please don't, for we have prayed much for it and it just meets our need now." Oh, I could not tell you all the answers to prayer—bills to be paid and just the right amount coming. Vegetables and provisions sent from friends which helped out. I can assure you we live plainly here. Not a cent is wasted—nor anything else. Our garbage-can must be a revelation to the collector. Every one keeps well. We have never had use for our Board of Health room—no sickness and no accidents. The epidemics have passed us by. "Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." How wonderfully God cares! Our girls and little ones look so well, and though you might not think so, are truly happy. Cheerfulness is one of the principles of our busy life here—and it works. "God is able to supply *all* grace." Remember always this is a "home," not an institution. It's the individual work that counts. Look in upon

us any evening and you will see girls sitting sewing while some one reads aloud, or there is music after the hour's devotions. I marvel, myself, at their content and happiness!

You will be interested to know that through our little French girl has come the answer to my prayer. She could not speak a word of English. A friend interested a friend of hers, a lady who had lived in France many years, to come and see the girl. The day before the mortgage was to be renewed this lady came in and asked to see me alone. She then asked me about the property and if we had a mortgage, saying, "Would you like me to take the mortgage?" I must confess it was too much for me. The tears came as I said, "Do you know you have answered my prayer?" She then said she had felt impelled to do this. She took the mortgage at a very small per cent., and has been our good friend ever since. Praise God!

Here is a case that will interest you good church people! I call her my "southern scarlet flower."

Traveling up from the Southland ones sees on the train a very young girl with dyed hair, scarlet lips and cheeks, gaily flaunting her red colors. It is a sight to move the heart of any woman interested in girls. Making her acquaintance one knows (she does not say so) she is running away from home because she is indeed on the downward road. By and by her confidence is won to a certain extent. She has been brought up in a Christian home—a member of a church. She loved a young man. He ruined and left her. Inside of six weeks she had lived in an illicit way with three other young men, all under twenty years of age and all church members. She came to our home. Though a

member of a church she did not know what it meant to be "born again"; she knows now. The girl is to become a mother. This is what she wrote home to her old heartbroken aunt and uncle with whom she had lived since a baby: "I am glad this trouble has come upon me; it has saved me from worse things. God has led me here where I have been taught the way of life, and I know now that my Saviour forgives and saves. Oh, forgive me and pray for your poor girl. I will be a good girl."

I feel like saying, fellow-Christians, Sunday school teachers, workers for the Master, who is to blame here? Five lives wrecked because some one was not "faithful." What is our commission? "Feed my lambs." "Feed my sheep." "To seek and to save the lost." Oh, I beg of you, in the name of Him who died for us, to arouse to the necessity of doing something for our young people before it is too late.

And my "free love" girl!

A young fifteen-year-old girl left her home up the state one night greatly fearing her father and mother's wrath, for through the advent of the summer boarder she had gone wrong. She arrived in New York shortly after midnight and found she was being followed by an Italian. Frightened, she appealed to another man for protection. She told him she had run away from home and asked him to tell her where to go. He made indecent proposals to her. She told him she was not that kind of a girl. He then said, "I will take you to the apartment of a young woman-friend" (evidently this friend was accustomed to receiving messages through the tube at that hour of the night, and appearing in negligee). This young woman

kept her after hearing her story. She was a follower of the "free-love" movement and instilled some of these ideas into the girl's mind. A position was secured to care for the children of a woman who taught in the evening schools of New York. This woman was not living with her husband and was of the same cult. Through these two friends she became acquainted with a young normal-school teacher, who, when she was in our home with her baby, wrote her to this effect: "You are a martyr; much better than the people who support and care for you now. You have done no wrong. We all love you and will help you to get out of that place." But somehow they did not seem to be able to really do anything for the girl. She was in need of food, shelter, clothes and care for herself and baby. She sent around strawberries and cream and flowers occasionally. I told her the girl was in need of bread and butter and if she had money to spend it better be used in this way. The young woman who came to see about the entrance of the girl into the home, said: "She hoped we would all soon be free from the bonds of matrimony." All these women are teachers, college students, settlement workers, etc., and are instilling these ideas into the hearts and minds of the young. Here is an evil indeed! Viewed from our standpoint it may account for the increase of young girls to become mothers.

The young man endeavored to keep in touch with the girl, phoning one day in a very tremulous voice, saying he could not wait any longer to see the girl; he had stayed away as long as he could. It is needless to say he did not come, nor how we dealt with all this nonsense. The young girl said to me, "Oh, I am

so glad to get away from all of them! What queer people they are! And, oh, Miss R———, my mother always let me do as I pleased, but I have found out since I came here that one must be right inside to do right! Help me! Pray for me!"

As ever yours—

CHAPTER XI

Little Messengers

June, 1913

My Dear:

When I said the Lord took me like "Ephraim" and caused me to go I did not know the word meant "fruitful." He surely does make us "fruitful" if we obey Him. I want to tell you now of a new feature of our work and how it came about. My friend, Mr. James H. McConkey, was visiting near New York. Much of the growth of my Christian life I owe to this man of God. One day he said to me, "God has laid a great burden of prayer on me for you; He must be going to give you some great blessing of His love and grace." "Yes," I said, little thinking or knowing what new gift was coming to me and what new service would be required of me. He went away to his home. One night I was ill and had failed in one of my besetting tendencies. Getting up I besought the Father for victory over it. Never shall I forget the revelation of the indwelliing presence of Christ in my heart as He said to me, "My grace is sufficient for thee." It was overwhelming! I did not know such a revelation was possible. The glory and the joy was beyond words! I was a bit afraid of it—afraid to speak of it! It remained with me. The attitude of my heart was, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!" I wrote my friend of the answer to his prayer. Replying, he said,

"You will have to write it up." That was such a preposterous suggestion that I gave it no thought. I had occasion to go South on business. On the train coming home, sitting communing with my Lord, He said to me, "Will you not tell this experience to others?" "They need to know Me in this way, too." For two hours and a half I sat there arguing with my Master, saying I could not do such a thing with all my busy life. At last I understood that I *must;* that I was only the instrument and that the Holy Spirit had bestowed this gift of tract-writing upon me in answer to the God-created prayer of my friend. God's power is very strong. The Holy Spirit took a grip on me—"woe is me if I do not"—and there was no peace until I started to do what, from a human standpoint, seemed impossible. On my knees I got my outline. Then I would write a little while. And then more prayer, asking that every word, every sentence, every thought be Spirit-guided. When that first little leaflet was finished there was no more surprised person than I on this earth. I sent it to my friend. He said it must be published. To whom was it to be sent? To our few friends here and then through Mr. Kelker, the tract-distributor, all over the world many times. You know the word "freely" means "without money and without price." So I gave back to Christ this gift of love, and He enabled me to have them printed and sent broadcast. Some fifteen have been written and printed and they are perfectly free to any one asking for them. For a long time no money came. One day when I was seeking guidance about the "Heartsease" publications, a letter came from my friend enclosing a check for $25, saying I could do what seemed best

with it. I took it as an answer to my prayer. Since that time enough money has come to print the leaflets. "What hath God wrought?" Thousands of leaflets have been distributed. They are used by teachers, pastors, evangelists in large quantities. Here are a few extracts from leaflet letters:

"We have often had cause to thank God for your written messages from Him." R. D. Smith, Los Angeles Bible House.

"What a joy it will be when we are with Christ, and know and understand all things, to trace the life-history of every one of these little messengers." F. W. Tyler, Missionary.

"Will you please send me some of your good tracts. I like 'He that Overcometh' so much." Rev. Wm. Rademacher.

"The booklet, 'the Name' is beautifully helpful, and if you have 100 copies to spare, send them to the class at the Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church." Dr. D. M. Stearns.

"I am a Bible teacher and feel that your tracts would be a great blessing to the students." Mrs. W. A. Phelps, Bible School Park, N. Y.

"Thanking our dear sister for the blessing many of us have had in her booklet, 'The Marks of the Lord Jesus.'" Mrs. W. K. Norton, Pilgrim Mission, India.

"* * * * and the 'Enclosed Life,' is the best leaflet in print. The Holy Spirit has certainly inspired you to write these leaflets." Rev. H. D. Kennedy, Evangelist.

"A son of my heart has 'The Armour of God'—he holds it reverently in his Bible. Send the 'Amour of

God' for the soldier boys in the U. S. P. H." E. M. Howell.

"The leaflets have been a blessing to all to whom we have sent them." Great Commission Prayer League.

"The tracts received are proving a blessing to many. They are all very wonderful!" Berge Sisters, Evangelists.

"I have just finished 'The Enclosed Life,' and it was such a blessing to me, real food for the soul, that I want to write and thank you personally for it." Mrs. E. L. Banks.

Our friend, Mr. W. W. J. Warren, has just sent us this message from Jacob Riis: "No work I ever came across seems to go nearer the heart of things than that of these devoted women. 'Heartsease' deserves the enthusiastic support of all our people, and will have it, once they know what it means and aims at; just doing the Lord's will, that we love one another."

(Signed) Jacob A. Riis.

You will rejoice with me in this new service and gift I know! May He help us all to be faithful to what He has asked us to do. Oh, let us be obedient! Let us give for He gives back a thousandfold! Praise His great and glorious Name!

As ever yours—

"BONNIE RICHARD"

CHAPTER XII

Results

September, 1913

My Dear:

You will rejoice with us that a worker has come to us who feels called of God to do this work. How faithful the Father is in answering *all* our prayers! But we still need other helpers. Girls have to be taken to hospitals; positions must be secured; every home for a baby investigated thoroughly, as well as the parentage of the child. Our boarding-out homes for babies require constant attention. Many of our young mothers go to work and support their children when they cannot for one reason or another go to work with the child. Many babies are adopted. We have a long list of prospective foster-parents waiting for the right child. This is a most satisfying part of the work—to give a child a "chance" in the world and a father and mother's care. Of course, these are little ones that are to be thrown into the stream of homeless infants. We never even suggest to a girl that she part with her child. It is very gratifying that up to the present time we have never placed a child in a home but that child and parents fit. All this is under the Father's guidance and through much prayer. Such a sad case came to our knowledge recently. A mother (a church member) came to us with her daughter who had gone wrong. Oh, she was hard and bitter, especially toward

the little innocent one! We said, "If you throw that child away with the light you have, God will surely punish you!" The day she did that her only son was drowned. Many, many stories of this kind I could relate. Sometimes I think we do almost as much work in making parents and friends of girls see the right and do it, as we do with girls. It surely is a great opportunity for service here—of all kinds! From now on I will enclose prints of our little ones! They are beautiful children! How the Father loves His little ones! All their little garments come mostly from King's Daughters' Circles and Ladies' Aid Societies of the different churches who have become interested in our work from time to time. A milk fund has also been started. It's no small task to train a young girl to care for her child. Our work along this line is like hospital work. Look at the picture of "Bonnie Richard." The foster-parents feel they have been greatly blest, and express gratitude to the Father for placing this particular boy in their arms.

Perhaps the statistical report and a few cases from the annual report will interest you.

STATISTICAL REPORT

Visitors to reading room	1,269
Garments given	1,290
Visits made	1,184
Socials	8
Lodgings	5,305
Meals	14,459
Children cared for	52
Inmates	204

Sent to own homes	50
Sent to other homes	31
Sent to hospitals	65
Situations found	45
Children adopted	10

Cases Received During the Year.

Girls to become mothers	61
Girls seeking employment	20
Mothers with infants	40
Infants with mothers	43
Infants without mothers	9
Girls convalescing	14
Girls working, returning at night	12
Wayward girls	5

CASES.

Maternity—No. 1873—Young Hungarian girl who is working with her baby. At Christmas time she sent one month's pay to the Home as a token of her appreciation. She was with us many months.

No. 1974—Young Swedish woman who died shortly after childbirth. She refused on her deathbed to disclose her identity or that of the child's father. After her death her friends were found, also the child's father. He proved to be a married man with two children. Her friends speak in the highest terms of her. The man has been forced to care for his child.

Wayward—No. 1851—A young American girl whose parents were unable to control her. After a year in the Home, she is caring for herself in an acceptable manner and the things of her past life have no attraction for her.

Evil Environment—No. 1956—Young German girl, fifteen years old, is trying to fit herself for a position which will lift her out of her past life and bring her in touch with better things. She is doing well, and there is every promise of success.

Destitution—No. 1879—A young American girl, seventeen years old, who because of her trouble has been abandoned by her mother. She had nowhere to go—no home—no work. She remained in the Home and is now being trained for a good position. Her life has been changed in every respect.

No. 1826—Young English girl, seventeen years old, ruined by a widower. This girl remained in the Home about one year, during which time her mother died. She is now in a good position, giving satisfaction. She has connected herself with a church and in every way is proving herself true. She wrote in one letter, "I want to send something each month for the Home. You have done so much for me. I cannot send much, but want you to know I appreciate the Home."

Drink—No. 1957—A well educated, talented, Spanish woman, whose downfall and friendless condition was caused by drink. She was here convalescing from a hospital.

Married—No. 1447—A respectable, friendless, American woman who has had three operations. She has a child eleven years old to support.

No. 2003—A Jewish woman, whose husband is ill with tuberculosis, is the mother of twins. She must care for herself and these little ones.

Working—No. 1432—A respectable Austrian girl came to us destitute and was placed in a position where she can support herself and live in the Home.

Institutional—No. 1954—(Irish) — No. 1955—(English)—are girls not able mentally or morally to cope with the world. They are mothers. They should be in custodial institutions.

These extracts from girls' letters will interest you. These three blessed testimonies reveal the working of His spirit. "To me Heartsease means peace. That was my first impression. From that sense of peace to my mind came at length peace to my soul which means everything. 'My help cometh from the Lord.'" Mary. "My thoughts go to the place where I found my Saviour—and, dear girls, it was right there where you are. Remember the fight is worth while. Isn't this beautiful? 'Lie down and sleep. Leave it with God to keep this sorrow which is part now of your life. When you awake, if still 'tis there to take, utter no wild complaint: work waits your hands: if you should faint, God understands,'—and He does." Marie. One of the girls voiced her request in these words:

"Pray for me, dear, though skies are blue above us,
I feel I need His ever constant care;
And lips are earnest only when they love us,
So let my name be sometimes in your prayer.

"Pray for me, that His low-voiced, tender calling
May win me from a world of anxious fears;
"Pray for me, that His low-voiced, tender calling
And, if it may be, keep my eyes from tears."

As ever yours—

CHAPTER XIII

A Little Waif

June, 1914

My Dear:

Some time ago I told you of my young high school girl. I have written up the story and will now give it to you; I have called it "The Illegitimate Child."

In our work with illegitimate children we find there are four parties to be considered in the order named: The child, the mother, the father and the community. The rights and obligations of each one should be considered.

The child is the innocent party, whatever blame may be attached to the other three parties—and usually all three are more or less to blame. Through no fault of its own, the child is condemned to disgrace, neglect, unhappiness, and sometimes to death, although the right to live is considered a foundation principle of our civilization. This being the case, these little waifs have extraordinary claims upon the benevolent community and all who have to do with their coming into the world. Since the young mother is first in such homes as ours and we must see to it that the prenatal influences are the best, the obligation rests heavily upon us as well as upon the physician, the nurse, and the hospital authorities.

In the following story, which is a true one, certain principles are suggested, which, it seems to me, are of

universal application, provided they are rooted in Him who said "I am the Life." It will also show the conventional attitude of every one connected with such cases. If the story arouses an intelligent interest which will secure safeguards and benefits, enjoyed by the well-born, for the large number of little children who come into this world unwanted, unloved, handicapped by lack of name, a weak physique, and inherited weakness of character; and if it also arouses sympathy for the multitude of young, suffering women, frightened, inexperienced, shamefaced, cast out by their relatives, their friends, and their community, and driven into the maelstrom of this great city, it will have served its purpose.

New York, September, 1905

My dear Miss R———:

I am writing you about the very sad case of a young girl, asking for your advice, help and coöperation. The mother of the girl is a widow and past middle age. She came to New York with her only child, a girl of fifteen years, thinking by so doing she could give her a better education. The mother is of good family and a fine character. Her only friend in New York is a Mrs. H———. Mrs. H———'s family consists of two sons and a daughter. Mrs. H——— offered to take May (the young girl) to board so she could attend the high school. The mother then went out to service as a cook in order to pay the girl's board. One of the young men was a teacher in the public schools. This young man got the girl completely under his control, ruined her and lived with her in

illicit relations for a year or more. The result is that she is now to become a mother. Mrs. H——— and her son have cast the girl out and will do nothing for her. These people are all well known in this community and the girl cannot stay here because of the disgrace upon all concerned. My appeal to you is to tell me where the girl can go. And what will become of the child? Will you take the girl?

The girl is young and interesting. She is in the high school, plays and sings well. I do not want her here, or to come back here. The father of her child will do nothing for her. If you will not take the girl, what can be done and where can she go? Will you also tell me the name of some institution where the child can be placed? The child might be adopted. I know you will wish the mother to keep it. There is no question of her marrying the man—she will not and he does not care to marry her.

Sincerely yours,
ALLIE B. SMITH

Heartsease Home, September, 1905

Dear Mrs. Smith:

Will you send Mrs. B——— and her daughter to me Saturday afternoon at 4:30? After talking with them I shall be able to write you intelligently.

Yours truly—

Heartsease Home, September, 1905

Dear Mrs. Smith:

The case of May B——— is indeed a sad one. The girl is so young and has been greatly wronged. We

will take the girl into our Home, sending her for the present to our New Jersey branch.

Situations of this kind are difficult to solve because we lose our calm. I do not agree with you that the girl cannot keep her baby. In this specific case it will be a big factor in her salvation. In our work here we have many widows and deserted wives. These women are caring for and bringing up their children. Many of them have had no education and are working with their untrained hands. This girl, though young and small, is intelligent. Having a baby is not like having the measles. Time and a physician's care is usually all that is necessary and the patient will be as she was. Taking a baby from its mother and father does not leave either of them where they were before—and what of the baby? Do you know anything of this big stream of homeless, parentless children? Ask those who have the custody of the wards of the State! Many of the boys and girls in reform schools, in institutions, and even the men and women in prisons, do not know who their parents were.

This young mother can take care of her child, and out of the sorrow and suffering will emerge a finer, braver woman. Can you imagine any more horrible fate than to know your baby—your own flesh and blood—is somewhere around in the world, you know not where. This baby is the only pure thing connected with this horrible business. Take this girl's life so far, add this experience, then that of carrying and giving birth to her child, and the care she must take of it for a time at least, then subtract the baby—put it out of her life—and what is there left? She is young, but she will be older, and she will care a great

deal when she realizes what she has done. Just the other day I had a most pitiful letter from a girl, begging me to help her find her baby. She had disposed of it a few weeks after its birth and nothing could be done now. You see life ceases to mean just existence and comes to mean soul development, and all that goes to make a true life. Let us not lose sight of these facts while we are helping this girl in her trouble. We don't want her to wake up as this other girl has done and realize she has lost an opportunity. Our training is along individual lines. We have a "home" in every sense of the word, and this we believe to be the most effective educational polity.

Let me say to you right here that our work is founded on the Lord Christ and His finished work for lost humanity. Our first work, therefore, is to bring our girls in vital contact with their Saviour, who alone can relieve them of their burden of sin. Let us put first things first. We must work from the inside out. The Master said, "Ye must be born again"—have a new life—and that He would impart it. He also said, "The flesh profiteth nothing." In our many years of work with women and girls, we have found that what they need is not morality but "life." "We are in the domain of death; corruption and decay are around us everywhere." He has promised to give "life" to those who are perishing. In view of this how vain are all human schemes for the reform and cultivation of the "old man" as compared with the provision of Divine wisdom, power and grace found in Jesus Christ. It would seem as if many of these schemes were the devices of the "God of this age." There are so many man-made schemes for the uplift of humanity

—the results as yet we do not see—but only One who makes, or ever has made, the offer of "eternal life." "We may become so absorbed in social wrongs as to miss the deeper malady of personal sin. We may lift the rod of oppression and leave the burden of guilt." So we feel that unless a "fallen one" has received this "life" all our plans for improvement are of no avail.

Having a new nature, I am sure May will see what an opportunity is before her, and she will not want to give away her baby. At any rate I cannot fall in with this plan of adoption for I have seen too many girls find in their littles ones all they have longed and hungered for. They surely have a hard road to travel, but girls who bravely undertake this burden prove they are not "bad" girls.

I will write you later regarding the young man.

Sincerely yours—

Heartsease Home, September, 1905

Dear Mrs. Smith:

I understand that you are personally acquainted with this young man and his mother. This being the case you must coöperate with us in this matter. It is an opportunity to develop him spiritually and morally. He needs it. You say he is training your children, as well as the children of other people, in the public school in our city. He must earn a good salary. Why cannot he deny himself and spend at least $12.00 a month toward the support of his child? Or he could take out a savings bank account, payable when the child comes to maturity. You, or some one equally interested, could be appointed a guardian for the child and see to his education; his father and mother have

had one. What greater debt has he contracted in this world than his debt to his own child? Will he not pay the mother's expenses? Must we go to law? Can you not say all this to him? Do make him feel that his child, though illegitimately born, has the same needs as one born in wedlock, and that it must have the same chance as he had.

But I am convinced that he will do none of these things unless he sees his sin before God. Will you not try to bring him in touch with the One who said, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," and "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more"? May the Holy Spirit work in his heart with convicting power! Unite in prayer with us that all concerned in this case may see the right and do it; otherwise our way will indeed be difficult.

Yours truly—

New York, September, 1905

Dear Miss R———:

I have talked and pleaded with the young man and his mother. They will do nothing for May. The mother is especially defiant. She says she needs all the money he can earn. There seems to be nothing to do but go to law. I have a lawyer-friend and will ask him to take the case.

Your message that the child was born unexpectedly in New Jersey reached me. Poor little boy! The outlook is not very bright for him. We have been afraid the girl's mother would lose her reason. I have never seen such suffering. God help these poor mothers!

I will undertake the "law" part of this case and relieve you. It must be kept as quiet as possible because of the disgrace.

Would it not be possible to have the child adopted?

Sincerely yours,

ALLIE B. SMITH

Heartsease Home, September, 1905

Dear Mrs. Smith:

Yes, the child can be adopted, but this is confidential. We have reason to thank our Heavenly Father that he is putting it into the hearts of many good men and women to adopt these little waifs and give them a "chance" in the world. But I shall not tell the girl this, for I am convinced that she must keep her baby. Alone in our prayer-room she found her Saviour. This experience, together with the baby's influence, will make a "new creature" of her. There is much work to be done on the girl and it must be "line upon line." God is wonderfully patient and long-suffering with His erring children. We will keep her and the child until she is established. May He help us, too, to be faithful "coworkers." May's mother wants to keep the baby. This is encouraging. As a rule mothers will go to any length to rid themselves and their child of this offspring. We have strenuous work to do along these lines.

Let me ask you again, is it right to free the young mother lightly from the natural consequences of her sin? Of course, it is natural that we should want to shield these unfortunate and partially innocent ones, but the Father has ordained certain results which are intended to deter from immorality. If May heart-

lessly disregards the obligation to her child a hardening effect is the result. We cannot lay down hard and fast rules to govern the treatment of these young mothers. We have to deal with them individually according to the light we have. We must be kind and loving to those who are under the Divine discipline; and we must be sure not to interfere with the Creator's methods of training and saving His erring ones. God is working with this girl and her mother; let us follow His leading.

Now about the boy's father. Any man who cannot see his sin against this girl and his own child must indeed be devoid of all moral sense—and a teacher in the public school! It is difficult to be quiet and calm when we think of these "fathers." Where in the name of decency and law are these "fathers?" There are hundreds—yes, perhaps thousands—of illegitimate children born in the New York hospitals each year, and these poor mothers have to take up their burden alone. By what twist of the social order, which does not seem to apply to women, is a man freed from obligation to his own child? We hear much about our obligations to society and to our neighbor these days. What is this man in the world for? To whom does he owe his obligations? To society? His child is his society. To his neighbor? His child is his neighbor. We must make him feel this and his sin until he suffers. He must be held up, if not in one way, in another. If he is not, he is justified in thinking that it is not immoral for him to do such things. If he cannot be brought to do the right and give his child a name, he must share in the care and support of it. If he does not, his sense of citizenship, fatherhood,

and morality is weakened, and he will see no reason why he should not seduce every girl his brutality leads him to. For the sake of his spiritual development, for the sake of his child, for the sake of the next girl he may know, for the sake of the school in which he teaches and the community in which he lives, and upon which he would throw the care of the child, he must be made to share in the responsibility, see his sin, be a cosufferer, and he will therefore be a richer, better man to teach your children and the children of other people.

We must not be "shirkers" and dodge our responsibility. There is no growth in any community when its members do this. I am not saying this to you, but to anyone who turns and runs from an illegitimate child or any form of wrongdoing. It is peculiarly true of this form of wrongdoing that the innocent suffer with the guilty. The parents are much to be pitied. In many, many cases the responsibility rests with them. Sane physiological instruction and good homes make for social purity, but fathers neglect to instruct their sons as to the responsibilities and dangers of young manhood; mothers allow their daughters to go about with young men of whom they know nothing. Young people should be taught to honour their physical bodies so as not to pollute the temple of the soul. When this is not done and trouble comes, they turn the girl out-of-doors and shield the son. What a strange standard of morality society has set up! When will the good men and women of the country be aroused to the injustice of this thing, as well as to the inadequacy of the State's law to protect these children—or is it that law is not enforced?

When you have made arrangements to go to court, let me know and the young mother and her baby will be ready to accompany you.

Sincerely yours—

New York, October, 1905

Dear Miss R———:

Have you ever been to court with a case of this kind? God help these poor girls! Do you know the questions girls are asked by lawyers in the presence of men? Could there not be a woman lawyer or officer to attend to these cases? My courage would have failed me had I known.

I am sorry to tell you nothing could be done because the child was born in New Jersey. The case could have been transferred, but that would use up any money obtained. The lawyer then drew up a paper which we induced the girl to sign, freeing the man, by the payment of a small sum of money. In this we may all have been wrong, but I thought it better than nothing, and would at least pay her doctor's bill.

From the standpoint of common humanity, why should a girl suffer alone for this wrongdoing? Is there no justice in the land? She bears the child, brings it into the world, works and cares for it, and the man goes free. With you, I say, "Dear Lord, how long, how long?"

The burden and problem is now yours—may He give you wisdom, grace and strength to work it out. The change in the girl is very marked. We know our Master is equal to any problem of life. I am leaving

the city soon, but shall want to know from time to time how May and the little one get on.

Sincerely yours,
ALLIE B. SMITH

Chicago, Ill., December, 1912

Dear Miss R———:

A number of years have gone by, but I have never forgotten your interest and kindness to May B——— and her baby. I have been an invalid and unable to write. Will you kindly tell me the result of it all? Is May doing well? Were you able to do anything with the father? What kind of a boy is the little lad?—why, he must be seven years old!

Sincerely yours,
ALLIE B. SMITH

Heartsease Home, December, 1912

Dear Mrs. Smith:

* * * * I have just come in from a call on Mrs. B———, and am very glad to tell you about them. Our Father cares for the "fatherless and the widow."

I must go back to the beginning and say to you that May never should have signed that paper, freeing the father from all obligations and making her out a "bad" woman, which she is not.

May and the boy stayed with us nearly six months. She was very ignorant of the practical things of life and needed training. We also taught her stenography. Her whole life and nature changed, due to her fellowship with her Lord and Master. The old mother became ill and needed care. After her recovery we got

her a position as janitress, and May and the boy went to live with her. May got a position with a small wage, and this helped eke out a living. Later she got another position at $8.00 per week, which she still has. She is now a church member and teaches in the Sunday school. In many ways she is being used to bring others to Him who so wondrously saved her. Her development in character and inward grace is very great. Her boy has been brought up in a religious atmosphere. The mother was again taken ill and they moved to three tiny rooms. From these rooms I have just come. The old mother has been very ill with rheumatism and May has been thoroughly tested. We have had to come to their aid again but it was a joy to do this. May's employer sent a physician and is helping her in this time of trial, which shows his appreciation of her services. I said, "How very clean you are, May, with all your other work just now." "Oh, yes, we must keep clean. You know where I got my training." The boy came in from school while I sat there. The first thing he did was to get a book and sit down to read. He is a student; his father was. His school card bears the highest marks. The old mother said to me over and over again with tears running down her cheeks, "May is my good girl, my good girl!" Any girl who will work all day for her old mother and illegitimate child, come home at night, cook, wash and iron, bring up her child in a right way, bear her burden bravely, proves she is not what so many men—and, alas women—call her—a "bad" girl.

We have been unable to do anything with the father of the child. He has gone selfishly on his way, although he has known from time to time of May's

"SUNSHINE"

TRANSPLANTED—"OPENING"

burdens and the growth of his child. We have no desire to harm this young man by exposing him, but have hoped, and do hope, that he will yet see the wrong he has done his child, even if he does not see his sin against the girl. There cannot have been any growth in his own life but only a hardening process. He is greatly to be pitied. He married a year ago—and unhappily. Much trouble, discord, and unhappiness have come to every member of that family. * * *

Sincerely yours—

CHAPTER XIV

Rosebuds

September, 1914

My Dear:

Of course you are interested in our babies! Shall I send you a real "baby" letter this time? I notice this morning that the Babies' Welfare Association has quoted us: "The Heartsease Home has for some time carried on a supervised boarding-out department for babies. A few years ago a number of particularly good homes were secured as the result of putting an advertisement in a religious paper (the *Watchman-Examiner*). The class of people reading this paper were those who would give a child good care and proper environment. The homes thus found are really exceptional. Some of them are in New Jersey and the outlying districts, as well as in all five boroughs of New York City. Homes in the congested parts of the city are not used. A Board of Health certificate and two references are required. All the homes are thoroughly investigated and supervised. Many babies have been cared for by this department and there is no case on record of neglect or malnutrition. While these homes are primarily for the babies whose mothers have been in the 'Home,' the department is glad to give a name and address to any coöperating organization." We had a case of a

starved baby whose mother put him in a home to board and this stirred us up to perfect this work.

Look at our backyard "rosebuds." Are they not dear "kiddies"? Look also at the little fellow who has been transplanted. Is he not worth working with and saving? His mother became temporarily deranged over her sorrow. I took the guardianship of the child. Now the mother is fully restored to health and the child is with her. A school teacher became interested in him and has given him good training. It is so well worth while to start these little lives aright!

We have had the privilege this year of caring for 100 girls and babies. Of these babies, twenty-one were taken by their mothers to positions or to their own homes; seven were placed in boarding homes and eight were adopted. These little ones, we believe, were placed in homes of God's choosing for only an omniscient God could have opened these particular homes to these particular children. Three beautiful little girls and one wee boy, all of American parentage, have found homes of love in as many American families. An Armenian lady called, telling how much she wanted a son. The next day, a young girl came to us with the same sad story of desertion. The baby was of Armenian parentage and a boy! An Italian couple applied for a baby the day after an Italian girl had told us how impossible it was for her to care for her baby boy. A young woman of German birth asked us if we could find her a baby. At the time we had a sixteen-year-old girl in the Home and were asking God His plan for her little one. An Irish girl, fifteen years old, was sent to us by distracted parents. God

sent foster-parents of Irish descent who took this little stranger into their home. God's guidance with these little ones is only equaled by His loving care in all the other phases of the work—"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

We know you understand about the daily work of the Home and the Bible study. The girls read and memorize portions of the Word daily and learn to know Jesus as a personal Saviour; thus their lives are reëstablished.

As ever yours—

CHAPTER XV

"INASMUCH"

September, 1915

My Dear:

I am going to give you a part of this year's annual report; it speaks for itself. The whole thought of the report is in these words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these * * * ye have done it unto Me." Those that we have helped come under the head of the "hungry," the "thirsty," the "stranger," the "naked," the "sick" and the "prisoner."

"I was hungered and ye gave me meat"—15,988 meals have been supplied. This has meant much food, much care, much preparation and much work. This is a part of every work which is not given much consideration by people and yet is one of the most necessary. Our Lord taught us compassion and its reward, to those who hunger and thirst in the body, as well as those hungering and thirsting after righteousness. One of our good friends sent us vegetables during last summer in such quantities that we were able to can enough for our winter's supply. This mothering of our large family, teaching and working alongside each girl, has fallen principally to the lot of the worker we prayed for. It is a very unselfish service and it has been nobly accomplished. We were in need of kitchen utensils. A friend sent in a box of "odds and ends," and these together with a "shower"

of new things from our Maplewood friends, supplied every need. We were also in need of rubber goods, when, lo, there comes a great package of fine things from a firm on Long Island. But how did they know about the work? God knows. That is enough for us. Later, we needed more. I said, "We will go to prayer right now for them." Before that prayer was ended a knock came to my door—the worker with a large package. Opening it the needed rubber goods. "Before they call I will answer" is true again. Our hearts are filled with joy and we go forward. We need washboards. We pray for a week. Then a worker takes some Kirkman's wrappers and goes for two. Next day coming in the basement way she hears the words, "Oh, ye of little faith!" And here is the other worker bending over two washboards a friend had sent in answer to our prayer. "Inasmuch * * * unto *Me*."

"I was a stranger and ye took me in." Let me tell you the story of a young Southern girl, under age. With her mother's consent she joined a troupe of vaudeville players less than a year ago. The opportunity seemed so good; money was offered; flattery was lavished on her. In the course of time, during the whirl of excitement, the underlying consciousness of wrong-doing and thinking was stifled and she was overcome. When her employer discovered her condition, she was practically abandoned in New York and was sent to us from a hospital. When she came to the door she was literally without funds, clothing and alone. We have since written her mother and she will care for the girl and her baby. They are very poor,

but respectable people. The girl has been led to see the folly of her way. "Inasmuch * * * unto *Me.*"

"I was naked and ye clothed me." So many appeals have come to us this winter. A lady interested in the poor of the city called one day and told us of the dire distress among the destitute. We were able to send her things which we could do without, and many were helped in this way. Two thousand eight hundred and forty-four garments have been distributed. This, of course, includes our needy girls and their little ones. Many girls come to us with little or no clothing, and the little homeless, nameless waifs need so many little garments to make them comfortable. We feel we must say right here that the most generous gifts of baby clothing sent by the different societies and individuals have been deeply appreciated. We could not have gotten on without them. "Inasmuch * * * unto *Me.*"

"I was sick and ye visited me." Julia came to us about sick, and was with us but a few days. I went down to have prayers with the girls and Julia sat at the end of the long table facing me. The subject was the necessity of the new birth. Julia looked bewildered. She did not know what I was talking about. She had never heard of such a thing. The third night the truth reached her heart, and that light which "is not seen on sea or land" broke over her face, and I knew my girl had found her Saviour. She was a joyous Christian. We took her to the hospital very ill early one morning. Her child was born and died. They removed her to another hospital. One morning at my prayers her name was with me and stayed. We followed her condition of course. But this morning

I could not get rid of "Julia." I started toward Fifth Avenue on an errand. Before I reached Second that insistent voice kept saying, "Go and see Julia." I remember saying, "Now, Lord?" "Yes, now," came back so clearly. I turned and went to the hospital and found that I was indeed being divinely guided. They had just taken the girl up to the surgical room and that afternoon they were to operate. I interested the doctor in her. They said she had been so cheerful. She had read her Testament and talked of her conversion. We saw her during the afternoon. About five o'clock my phone rang and the doctor's voice said, "I am sorry to tell you that Julia died before we could get her under the ether." "Praise God," I said! Was it not good of the Father to take her in this way, and above all to give us the privilege of bringing her home to Him? She was a "lost" one. We could find no one belonging to her. She had told us she was all alone in the world. "Inasmuch * * * unto *Me*."

"I was in prison and ye came unto me." These girls are all in prison-houses of various kinds. They are banned—exiled from social fellowship. All in the prison-house of sin. It is our privilege to be used as an instrument to set them free.

May I give you Dr. Jowett's thought for all those who have become the friend of the "fallen"? "The first ministry mentioned by the Lord is the ministry of substance. 'I was an hungered and ye gave me meat.' There are hungry people and we give them bread. There are pilgrims thirsty with the hot and dusty road and we give them water from the well. It is a very gracious ministry, and never to be despised, but I think it is mentioned first because it is the least of the

ministries, and because it makes little or no vital demand upon those who render the service. The Lord mentions a deeper and more exacting ministry. 'I was sick and ye visited me!' That is a service that makes a more vital demand upon the life. We can give bread and never miss it; we can give clothing and never miss it. These things cost little or nothing. But to visit the sick costs blood. To give bread and clothing is to give things; to visit the sick is to give yourself. That makes it a higher form of ministry in the Kingdom of God. To give things may make a drain upon the purse; to visit the sick makes a drain upon the heart. There is nothing more exhausting than the gift of vital sympathy. There is nothing which so wears and tears you as to go into the hospital where sufferers are lying on beds of pain. Virtue goes out of you, and the measure of your sympathy is just the measure of the hope and consolation which you bring to these children of need. But the gradient of ministry ascends still higher, even to a form of service in which the spirit of sympathy and sacrifice becomes supreme. 'I was in prison and ye came to me.' It is one thing to go to the hospital; it is quite another thing to go to the prison. The sick one wears only the pale seal of weakness; the prisoner wears the scarlet brand of shame. The sick have lost their health; the prisoner has lost her character. The sick one is isolated from social activity; the prisoner is exiled from social fellowship. The one is pitied; the other is banned. And, therefore, the visitation of the prisoner is mentioned as the crowning ministry, because it demands a more courageous sympathy and a more daring sacrifice. To be the friend of the fallen

is a nobler friendship than merely to be the friend of the sick.

"May we mention several very apparent facts. Because of the loose life and 'free-love' teaching older women are stepping out of the way and finding to their sorrow that sin is sin no matter how it is dressed up. We are also hoping and praying that the mentally deficient girls will soon be taken care of by the State for they are reproducing their kind very fast. Any one interested in human beings as they go about the streets know that this applies equally to men. Another thing is that it takes time—'line upon line'—to work and produce good results with girls who have just 'growed, like Topsy,' and the longer a girl is with us the better the work done. But above and beyond everything else I would like to emphasize the fact that it is regeneration human beings need and not reformation. One girl said to me, 'Why, Miss R———, no one ever spoke to me about my soul!'"

"My friends, may we come to see the needs of the world through His eyes; to hear the cry of the world for help with His ears; to walk with His feet through the world's highways and byways of trouble and sorrow, and to minister with His hands to the world's great needs."

As ever yours—

"INASMUCH."

CHAPTER XVI

Dr. Scofield's Address

September, 1916

My Dear:

One new thing is added to this year's report—the Girls' Heartsease Mission Circle. This circle has been organized and is carried on by our girls who are now established and working. From very small amounts they have contributed $251.38 to needy causes together with clothing. A box of bandages was sent to the leper colony and garments to needy girls and little ones.

The anniversary was held in the chapel of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church and our friends came in large numbers. Just before going to the meeting a 'phone call came that our little Italian girl was dying, and that she was continually calling for us. This girl, fourteen years old, was a victim of the congested conditions in such homes and the boarder in the family. She had been treated like a little slave. Could not speak a word of English. She unfolded like a blossom in the sun and showed a beautiful nature under loving influence. Poor little Angelina! Later they took her out of our home screaming for me to take care of her, wild with fear. I was powerless to help her—this poor little victim of brutal men.

I quote from the beginning and close of our report:

It gives me great pleasure to present the annual

report of the Heartsease work. "As the Father hath sent me even so send I you." What did the Father send the Master to do? He tells us Himself: "To preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Does He work in this way to-day? He surely does. Only now He works through human instruments. The miracles of Christ! He works them still! He is the same living Christ. Daily service in which is experience and proof of this power is what He calls us to. You will remember the message He sent back to John the Baptist: "Tell John" what things ye have seen and heard. And so I have come to "tell you" of the miracles wrought in and through His all-powerful name this last year in the Heartsease Home. His Gospel has been preached to the poor; the broken-hearted have come to Him for healing and found it; those who were bound with sin's chains have found release; the eyes of the blind have been opened and they have found themselves in a new world of Christ's love and light. It is a great privilege and joy to be used in the same kind of service the Master rendered when here in the flesh. It is also a joy to us to remember that the success of our efforts is due primarily to you who have so generously helped us by your prayers, sympathy, interest and gifts. To you, therefore, it must be a source of satisfaction to know that young lives have been brought in touch with their Saviour, they have been given a new understanding of the dignity of service and a new conception of the meaning of life.

We are deeply grateful also to our teacher and friend, dear Dr. Scofield, who long years ago helped to start us in this way, who has come to rejoice with us and help us with this message.

Here is Dr. C. I. Scofield's address:

I am feeling this moment, dear friends, as I knew quite well I should feel when the moment should come, the weakness of words. We hear sometimes about eloquence and what it can do and what it has done. I knew beforehand that when I should hear that report read I would feel that any word of mine would but detract from possibly the deep impression the facts of that report would make upon all our minds. For that report is eloquent, not with the easy eloquence of things written and said, but with the arduous eloquence of things done. Back of that report we all, I am sure, as our sister went on reading, were seeing faces of frightened, deserted, dishonored girls. Some of us felt as if we could hear the sound of hands seeking the doorway into the sympathy, into the helpfulness, that was just the other side of the door of Heartsease. Oh, how good it is to do things! How weak it seems to me to talk about them! And yet perhaps it may be well for us just now to stop and think a little about the reasons that lie back of the facts that have been disclosed to us in this report.

I was reading Sunday morning from the ninth chapter of the Gospel according to John, and I read there that on a certain occasion as Jesus went forth he saw a man. Well now, that is not very startling, is it? But that statement occurs in various forms some twenty-four times in the Gospels. Jesus was

always seeing a man, a human being. You will remember the ninth chapter of the Gospel according to John, and how it tells us that this particular man was a beggar, scarcely worth perhaps the attention of the Lord of glory who had laid aside His shekinah manifestation, and taken upon Him the form of a servant and was down here among men. He was a beggar! That would have been the police classification of him —a beggar! And then he had the added disadvantage of being born blind. He was not well equipped, was he for the intense struggle of life? Blind! And that blindness made him a problem, a theological problem to the disciples. Jesus saw a man; the disciples saw a theological problem. "Master, did this man sin or his parents that he was born blind?"—a theological problem, a case of rabbinical hair-splitting. "How did this man come to be born blind? Master, tell us, satisfy our curiosity." This man who was born blind and was a mere beggar, was a problem to the disciples.

Well, you say, we have done in these days with theological hair-splitting and theological problems. And so we have, but it is because we have become indifferent to all religious problems. Convictions do not exist much, any more. But I will tell you, friends, what we have in place of the theological problem; we have the scientific problem. And if there is anything that will harden the human heart, that will make it more absolutely impenetrable to the appeal that always reaches out from a case of need and touches the heart of Jesus Christ, it is to make a scientific problem of a man or a condition.

The East Side seethes and broils and "sells a girl for wine," and that makes a "problem" for us over

on this side, and so we plant a "Settlement" to study that problem scientifically. We take some young men out of college who have never touched life with the ends of their finger tips, and set them in the midst of this life to gather statistics, and presently we have statistics! So many blind men, so many beggars, so many this and that, and of the other, so much! And we are going on, dear friends, studying the causes of blindness, and of beggary, and of the condition of things generally that we find on the East Side—scientific problems, issuing in statistics and figures. Isn't it dear John Boyle O'Reilly who tells us somewhere in one of his poems about the modern "stony, statistical Christ"?

When I go back to the four Gospels and follow Jesus down from His little hill home in Nazareth, and follow after Him in Galilee and Judea and hear His words and see His actions, I do not find Him greatly interested in these curious questions about how it came about, but I do find Him so solicitous about helping the needy!

When I first came to New York I was taken to a place called the Five Points. I was cautioned that I must never go down there at night or my life would not be safe. And indeed I was told that my life would not be altogether safe there in the daytime if the people around there thought I had anything they wanted. Well, some Christian people heard about that, and it did not occur to them that it was a scientific problem at Five Points, but they thought it was a Christian problem. And they planted a Sunday school there, and they sent men down there to preach the old Gospel of the grace of God, and now you may

go through the Five Points any time of the day or night, and you are as safe as you are on the street outside this church. The whole region is transformed. Not many years after my first visit to New York I was there again and I went down to the Five Points, and I saw children at play. I saw happy faces that were clean. I saw few signs of barrooms and places of that kind. They were gone! The Gospel had got in there. The Gospel, beloved friends, is God's remedy for all these problems. He has made a remedy and it is available.

Now, when I read or hear a report from the Heartsease Mission I am perfectly sure of this, that I am going to read about a work that has not concerned itself with curious inquiries as to how this all happened, but a work that is taking hold helpfully to redeem those to whom it has happened.

Friends, do we realize that all we who are prosperous, all we who are cared for, taught, all we who have found the Lord Jesus and are under the shelter of His great hand, do we realize that we are a part of civilization that has made such work as the Heartsease Mission necessary? If you are going into causes, if you want to find out what it is that has made necessary rescue missions and missions like the Heartsease, just consider the civilization that we have been, until very recently, so proud of; that we have boasted of as the greatest civilization the world has ever known. We are not so proud of it since the last eighteen months have revealed that it is the foulest thing, the most remorseless thing, the most brutal thing in the history of the world, because the glamor has been stripped from it.

I must have been a very little boy when I heard first of the car of Juggernaut, but I remember distinctly the impression it made upon me. I do not recall how I first heard of it. Very likely my father read a letter from some missionary in India or from some friend. It may have been a printed letter. I remember the story that on a certain day that idol's car was brought forth—a great heavy thing on rollers, and how men would prostrate themselves under that car and be crushed to death beneath its remorseless wheels. It made an impression on my young mind that saddened me whenever I thought of it. And for many, many years I carried it in my mind as a thing that was peculiar to India. And then I began to study the life that I was a part of when I became a Christian, and I saw that I was riding on a car of Juggernaut more relentless, more implacable, than any in India, the car that we call modern civilization. And we produce the condition that make Heartsease Mission necessary!

My friends, I do not know if you noticed the word of most frequent occurrence as dear Miss Richardson read that report, but I did. It was the word "home" over and over again. Don't you remember? "They were brought into the home," "We had in the home," and so on and so on. Home! Home! Home for those homeless ones! What a home that is for a friendless girl who has lost her virtue, lost her character, as we say, lost everything that gives her a chance in this civilization of ours. Absolutely lost! And then she comes into a home, a home! Oh, what a word "home" is! I have always regretted that in that version of the Scriptures which I love the most, and all of

us love the most—the Old Bible as we call it down South—the King James version, in the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, the last word of inspiration on the Christian explanation of death—that one word in verse eight is most infelicitous; "Absent from the body, present with the Lord" we read, but the Greek has it, "Absent from the body, at home with the Lord." At home! At home! Sometimes I have had fear that I should feel a little strange there, that I should feel perhaps a little regret for the circle broken here where I was known and loved in spite of my faults. And then I found the word "home,"—that heaven is just a home. Then I knew that I should not be embarrassed when I got there. I am not embarrassed at home. At home I am free from care. At home I am known. At home I am loved. At home!

Well, out of the terrible streets of New York, one of these castaways of our proud civilization comes into Heartsease, and comes into a home. I know that place, I know that atmosphere, and I know that Miss Richardson made no mistake when she kept talking about "our home," "our home." That is what it is. Home is not a house. Home is an atmosphere. Home is an influence, and oh! how that home down there softens these rebellious and hard hearts and makes a way for the Prince of Peace to come in, for salvation to come in, makes a way for faith to come, and makes a way for transformation and a new birth, until they go out,—shall I say it?—yes, I will say it, "whiter than snow." We make a distinction between our sins and their sin. We think that possibly somewhere, in some future state of existence they may be cleansed from their fault. "Whiter than snow!" The blood

of Jesus Christ makes no distinction. Where it finds sin it leaves whiteness, whatever the name of that sin may be. I like to think of this Heartsease as a home.

It is a great personal gratification to me, dear friends, that some years ago at Northfield, when I was living there as pastor and president of the Bible Training School, I came to know Miss Richardson and Miss Scofield. I want to say that I am proud that Miss Scofield and I are descended from the same Puritan ancestor. It is a relationship away back, but I am proud that there is a Scofield, one of Deacon Daniel Scofield's descendants, who can go down into the darkness and shame of the East Side and do what Louise and Annie (if they will let me call them that, for they are like daughters to me) are doing there in Heartsease.

Friends, we must have a part in that work. We must in some way get into it with them, so that when we hear a report read next year, if God gives us that privilege and the Lord Jesus tarries, we may feel that we, too, in some small way at least, got a touch on those lives that are being reconstructed for purity and honor and usefulness, that we have had just a little share in it. And anyway, we can pray, and oh, let us pray, for after all, great as that work is, how much greater the need is!

Do you know that the police reported just the other day that during the last year 1458 young women were absolutely lost even to the police power of finding them in the streets of New York? We shudder when we think where they may be. Fourteen hundred and fifty-eight girls went out from their homes, wherever they were, homes of comfort or homes of discomfort,

went out upon the streets of New York, and have never been heard of since! "Suppose it was *my* girl?" And I am ashamed to tell you, but I am going to tell you, that for a little time there surged back into my heart the old human feeling, and I said, "I do not know but a gray-haired old Tennesseean with a revolver in his hand would be looking for that girl, if it was my girl!" Suppose it was your girl! And it might be!

Oh, this is a problem for God! If you are going to make a problem of it it is a problem for Jesus Christ! I like to think how He dealt, not in theological fashion, nor in scientific fashion, with that blind beggar in the ninth of John. He gave him his sight. That got him cast out of the synagogue, and when they cast him out Jesus found him! He gave him his sight; He gave him fellowship. He was disfellowshipped by the respectable religious people of Jerusalem and Jesus found him,—looked for him until He found him —and brought him into a wonderful fellowship, the fellowship of the Son of God, then He saved his soul. That is just the following in the footsteps of the Master the Heartsease is doing. May God bless these young women and that work for His name's sake!

CHAPTER XVII

The Bruised Reed

September, 1917

My Dear:

We have had another anniversary. I cannot do better than to give you Dr. Jowett's prayer and Dr. Woelfkin's address. The work advances in that we take care of more girls and little ones and new friends coöperate with us. While God has answered the prayer that we do not close a month with a deficit, yet it is pretty much of a "daily allowance" here. It is good for us and for our girls to know that *all* things come from the Father. He does "supply *all* our needs" even as He said. Many little ones have gone to new homes.

Dr. Jowett's Prayer:

"Our Father God in heaven, we thank Thee that Thou hast shown Thy face to us in Jesus Christ, and we bless Thee that when we have seen Thy face we are not afraid. We are only afraid of our sin. We thank Thee for the grace and the love that have been revealed in our Saviour, and we thank Thee for the constraining power of that love in the salvation of Thy children. We thank Thee for the countless millions of men and women who have looked upon the face of Jesus and have then fallen in love with Him, and who by their love for their Lord have themselves become

lovely. We thank Thee for all who have caught the Saviour's spirit and have been filled with His passion. We thank Thee that He has incarnated Himself again and again in the hearts of those who have become like Him. And we thank Thee that Thy love is now at work in the world through the work of Thy children. We thank Thee that that love is working even in this city and that all that is truly lovely in our midst has been born of that love. And we thank Thee that the love of Jesus has given birth to the ministry which we meet to remember to-day. We thank Thee that it bears the marks of the Lord Jesus. We bless Thee that if He were here He would claim it as His own. We thank Thee that in the spirit He has claimed it, and we rejoice to think that if the Saviour were here in the flesh He would visit this Mission and He would give the work His blessing. And now Lord we pray that what we believe is Thine, and what we believe shines with the light of Thy countenance, may have Thy most visible benediction. Any enlargement that may be needed wilt Thou graciously make possible, and wilt Thou help us above all things to-day to believe that this is the Lord's work, inspired by the Lord, sustained by the Lord, and that the Lord will procure the charges by which the work is to be carried on. We pray that Thy blessing may rest upon the one who has supreme control of the work and all who surround her in her beautiful ministry. And we pray that the Home may be like the home in Bethany, a place where Jesus Christ may be found and where He loves to be. And we ask that all these girls who come into the Home may feel the Saviour's presence, and out of their calamity may there come a wonderful dawn, and

may they all become Thine, Thine in time and Thine in eternity. May Thy Holy Spirit pervade this meeting, and may everything that is done be to the honor of Thy name and to the extension of this gracious ministry. We ask it for our Saviour's sake.—Amen."

Address by Dr. C. Woelfkin:

"Mr. Chairman and dear friends, I feel a keen suspicion that anything I have to say after this report of the actual work which has been done will seem very much like an echo instead of a real voice. For this has been a report of the real work which has in it the romance of interest and the fascination of reality. I have been thinking about the necessity of cultivating in ourselves in all our Christian work, and especially in work of this nature, a spiritual insight for the smoking flax that He will not quench and for the bruised reed which He will not break. Things in this world are very far from ideal in their conditions. We can all very readily imagine a set of circumstances which would be very much better than those which exist, and sometimes in a moment of egotism we think we could arrange a program by which society would be reduced to real order. But human society is a very complex thing and we have to take things as we find them, not as we would like them to be. In this great city of ours we have all the world at its focus point. In our daily conveyances we touch elbows with people who speak different languages, who were born and brought up under different circumstances and conditions; they treasure different traditions, they come from different atmospheres, they are moved by different ambitions, they are as far away from us as though

they lived on the other side of the world. Now it is next to impossible for us to try to understand people like this unless we have the sympathetic heart of the Master Himself. These people live in a world where their temptations are entirely different from ours, and if they fall and make mistakes in life there is something to be said for them.

"Now it has been this thought that has led me to the subject that I want to think about with you for a few minutes this afternoon,—Christ's own attitude toward just such people as come into the Heartsease Home, and all the sinners that would like to come there but cannot. Our Lord Jesus Christ is keenly sensitive to sin. As He saw the spirit of covetousness, and anger, and passion, and all those emotions which make for the outbreak of selfishness, it must have been a keen pain to His own soul. And our Master did not only see these things externally, but by that swift intuition which the spirit of God gave Him, He understood the very secrets of sin. He knew that out of the heart are the issues of life, and even where the words were held in check He saw the thought and the motive. He saw the deep currents of sin in the inner nature. And our Lord must have suffered by reason of His own purity, His own sinlessness. He understood and knew and felt all the pain of sin.

"Now this living in a different world has a great tendency to make people critical, and in the spirit of criticism there is always something of the finer instinct of the soul that dies. How full the world is of criticism! Simply because we do not understand each other! We find men who are very critical of the government, of the Constitution, of the courts, of the

political status of things, critical of the church, critical of everything. Now the danger is that in criticism we become so hard in our sympathies that we do not see that modicum of truth and aspiration which under the touch of the Divine Spirit might flame forth into the divine life of God. That was what Jesus always saw. He was always feeling for that latent quality, that marred image of God in the human soul, and that He was seeking to encourage. Our Lord never excused sin, He never compromised with sin, He never apologized for sin, but He always differentiated between the sinner and the sin, just as a physician differentiates between the disease and the patient. There are some diseases the very name of which strikes terror to our souls. We do not like to name the disease, but we have a wonderful sympathy and compassion for the patient who suffers from that disease. So our Lord does not like sin, but He loves the sinners.

"I never think of that passage in the fourth of Luke, where the Master returns to His own synagogue, after teaching in the synagogues of Galilee, that I am not struck with the illuminating aspect of the situation. As His custom was He went to worship. At the proper time there was handed to Him the roll of the prophet Isaiah. He deliberately opened to the passage which He wanted to read that day,—what we know as the sixty-first chapter at the first verse, and He began to read: 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.'

And then He closed the book and gave it back to the minister. Why did He close it at that particular spot? It was in the middle of a sentence where there is not even a comma, much less a semicolon or a period. Why did He close the book at just that point? Because the next phrase read like this, 'To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God.' That was not in the purview of His ministry. He had not come for that purpose. He had come to seek and to save the lost. He had come, not to be ministered unto but to minister, and therefore the day of vengeance was not in the horizon of His ministry. He had not come to be constantly putting the probe into the faults and the missteps of others. He had come with charity, and kindness, and sympathy, and help. Now may I give you two or three examples, with which you are perfectly familiar, but if I string them together perhaps they may gain somewhat of augmented force, to show our Lord's attitude towards sinners, which is the attitude we must also take if we wish to do His work.

"The first scene I will picture is in the town of Capernaum. When our Lord had been thrust out of His native place where He had been brought up as a boy and a young man, He made His home in Capernaum by the sea, and from Capernaum He made journeys out into the surrounding country, preaching to the people. As He was returning from one of these journeys a crowd gathered about Him as He came to the open air office of a custom house officer, a man who was born a Jew, but a man who was so scorned and deemed so contemptible that his name was not to be considered in any Jewish court,—an outcast,

a pariah. If the Master had held him up as an example of an apostate the wise scribes would have nodded their heads with approval. But as a sort of scandal to their decency the Lord Jesus said to him. 'Follow me.' And this man folded up his table and fell into the ranks and became a follower of Jesus Christ. And the scribes and pharisees were scandalized. It was contrary to all their customs. Now there is something to be said for these pharisees. Remember that Simon made for Him a feast. And, if we can, let us get into our minds the personnel of the guests. Simon was an outcast! He would not invite the faculty of a theological seminary to his feast. If you will take the various Gospels and read the descriptions you will find 'publicans and sinners,' 'publicans and sinners and others'; Matthew's own account says, 'Many publicans and sinners came and sat down with Him and His disciples.' I wonder what we would think if Dr. Jowett received an invitation to meet with all the political grafters of this city, and all the people of the red light district, and he went and sat down with them! I wonder what kind of a shock Christian New York would receive if it got into the paper in the morning that he had been to a place like that! Yes, there is something to be said for the pharisees.

"May I remind you of a second scene. It is also a feasting scene and is given by one who had the same name. This is not Simon the publican, it is Simon the pharisee. This time we may be sure that no cards were sent to the sunken masses of human society. This time it was the elite who were present. The scribes and the pharisees could not afford to overlook Jesus in the early days of His ministry, and so He was in-

vited to be there. There were present all the LL.D.'s and all the D.D.'s and all the masters of literature,— the elite were present. And as they were reclining at the feast there came in a woman, a woman of the town, and with a swift glance around she came to where Jesus was reclining, and stooping at His feet her tears fell upon them, and she washed His feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair, and she kissed His feet again and again. Now the host was outraged at all this conduct. If his servants had been at the door this woman would not have gained an entrance. With a sort of swift intuition he said, 'If this man were a prophet he would know what kind of a woman this is that toucheth Him.' Our Lord divined all this in His soul, and looking at the woman he spake to Simon, and he said: "Simon, there were two creditors, one owed five hundred pence and the other fifty, and when they had nothing to pay their creditor frankly forgave them both. Which thinkest thou will love him most?" Look out, Simon, that is awfully subtle! 'Which thinkest thou will love him most? And Simon with a true judgment said, 'I suppose that he to whom he forgave most.' And He said, 'Seest thou this woman?' Simon might have said, 'Yes, Lord, I saw her before you did, I saw her when she came in the door, and if my servants had been there she never would have gained access.' No, he did not see this woman! He saw a woman, a woman clouded, a woman groping in life. But he did not see this woman! This woman was a worshipping woman. Her tears were adoration itself. Jesus said, 'Seest thou this one? When I came in thou gavest me no water for my feet, but she has washed them with her tears.

Thou gavest me no kiss; but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins which are many are forgiven; for she loveth much.' And then speaking to her He said, 'Daughter, go in peace, thy faith hath made thee whole.' And there was at that moment a burst of the angelic chorus that sings over sinners who have repented.

"The third scene I have in mind is in the town of Jericho, and as Jesus passed through, Zaccheus, a man handicapped in physical stature, outran the crowd and climbed up in the lower branches of a tree in order that he might satisfy his curiosity and see the Master as He passed by. And our Lord saw him. He knew why he was there. He saw something in Zaccheus that Zaccheus did not suspect was there himself. Zaccheus was the most hated man in all Jericho, and for just reasons. He was the chief of the publicans. And there is another little phrase which we sometimes miss in the reading. He was chief of the publicans and he was rich! That is very significant. The Romans did not pay great salaries to the publicans. Zaccheus was very rich! The best hated man in the town! And our Lord said to him, 'Zaccheus, make haste and come down. I am only in the city for the day, but I am going to be a guest in your house.' And the scribes and pharisees were scandalized, and shook their heads, and said, 'He has gone to be guest of a man that is a sinner!' What was the issue? We have no record of the conversation or of the fellowship of that day, but before they retired that night

Zaccheus stood before the Master and said, 'Lord, the half of my goods I will give to the poor.' He was very rich! 'The half of my goods I will give to the poor. The publican of Jericho had become the philanthropist of the town. 'The half of my goods!' That is a pretty good issue. 'O yes,' we say, 'but if a man is able by theft and swindle and false accusation to pile up a fortune he can well afford to give a pittance to charity!' Well, but we are not at the end of this story. "'The half of my goods I will give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I will restore him fourfold.' Let that get in the press in the morning and there will be joy among the poor at Jericho. What did Jesus say? 'This day is salvation come to this house, forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham.' 'That is just what the scribes and pharisees failed to see. It was so covered over with hypocrisies and sin that they failed to see this residue within the soul, this broken reed that could be made into a pillar in the temple of his God. Christ saw that and it was because He saw it that He was able to strengthen him with power and grace.

"The last picture that I have in mind is recorded in the eighth chapter of the Gospel by John. Some commentators tell us that this story is missing in many of the manuscripts of that day and that possibly it ought not to be in the Bible. It is the story to which Miss Richardson has already referred, the story of the woman who was brought to the Lord in the temple courts. Even if it was not a true story it is just what Christ would have done. But I think the story is true. You recall the incident. The woman was brought up

to the temple courts and thrust through the crowd. And these men said, 'This woman was taken in the scarlet sin; she was caught in the very act.' And mankind must always blush that they should have allowed the paramour to escape and brought the woman into the presence of the Master. We blush at the very thought. But these scribes and pharisees and adversaries of our Lord were not after this man nor were they after this woman. They were after the Master. So they thrust her into the Master's presence, and they said, 'The evidence is all in, it is only a question of sentence. Moses said, stone her. What sayest Thou?' You see the dilemma. And our Lord, not to count time, but probably blushing for their own sin and cupidity, stooped and wrote on the ground. But they say, 'Moses says, stone her, but what sayest Thou?' You see the dilemma. That is what they were after, to drive Him into a corner. And then our Master, looking them in the face, said, 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.' And stooping down He began to write. Now there is a legend which runs along with this story which is psychologically true if it is not really true,—that the oldest man wondered what He was writing, and went and looked over His shoulder, and blushed and went out. And the next oldest man wondered what He was writing, and he went and looked over His shoulder and blushed. No! No! Not for him to cast a stone, and he went out. And as He wrote, just wrote, the particular sin in their lives, He, the only sinless One, Who had the right to cast a stone at her, was rather casting a millstone into their conscience, and they all looked and went out, from the oldest to the youngest. And Jesus

lifted Himself up and said, 'Where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?' She answered, 'No man, Lord.' And Jesus said, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.' That was a word of dynamic power in her soul, and she went out of His presence bathed in His forgiveness.

"There are other evidences, but these will suffice. He knew their sin better than they themselves did. But He knew that down beneath it all there is the smoking flax that He will not quench and the broken reed that He will not break. And feeling after them in sympathy He brought them the message and the inspiration of divine forgiveness and of everlasting life. And that is the attitude that you and I will have to cultivate in all our fellowships with one another if we wish to be associated with Christ in His work and in His glorious results."

Pray on!

As ever yours—

Our Backyard "Rosebuds"

CHAPTER XVIII

"Jesus Saves"

September, 1920

My Dear:

We are of age! We have had our twenty-first anniversary! The inauguration of a little folder to be issued quarterly is an advance in the work. "My God shall supply *all* your needs" is the rock on which we stand. In faith and prayer we go forward. The great event of the year has been incorporation under the same principles as heretofore.

I will give you a few cases:

No. 2681. Student-teacher, engaged, betrayed. Her beautiful child was adopted into an American family, where he will have every advantage. We quote from a letter. "Words cannot express my gratitude, not only for the temporal help given, but for the knowledge of God that came to me. What was done for me at 'Heartsease' is as indelibly stamped on my life as is the disgrace."

No. 2808. Thirteen-year-old American girl assaulted. Her sister adopted child.

No. 2644. A nurse who was engaged to the father of her child. She took her baby to her own home where she supported and cared for him until God took him. We quote from a letter, "Some people say we forget. It seems impossible. I never feel con-

tented anywhere. Always going and never finding what I really want."

No. 2748. Young American girl of nineteen years, seduced under promise of marriage. Was well-educated and well-behaved girl. Was cast out but through prayer she went home with her baby. She is doing nicely, and writes that God is leading and that she has His peace.

Julia writes that "Baby Martha and I are very happy. I could never praise the Lord enough for His goodness to us. I feel sure that everything works together for good to them that love God."

No. 2668. An exceptionally fine girl. The little one has been adopted into an American family and is a dispenser of joy and gladness. We quote from a letter, "What a heartsease the home really proved to me, much as I regret the circumstances that brought me there, but I will never regret the weeks I spent there where I found God."

Nos. 2780 and 2697 are two very young Italian girls. Both were betrayed and deserted. Little Salvator was adopted and Peter went home with his mother where he has won the hearts of all.

No. 2719. This girl is a devoted mother. She is working with little Virginia in a family and always writes letters of sunshine and cheer. She was a Catholic but has found a Saviour who is able to keep.

No. 2731. Little Samuel, a lad of three months, smiled himself into the hearts of two callers, and has now become the son and heir of delighted parents, and will be given opportunities opened to few.

No. 2720. Little Dorothy started on a long trip one day, only to find herself in the arms of a new

mother who writes, "She is wonderful. We will keep our secret and certainly believe people will think she is our very own."

The mortgage birthday party last year took care of that matter. This year repairs were so badly needed —where was the money to come from? One day a strange voice over the phone said, "We would like to give a concert for your good work, and over nine hundred dollars came for repairs and to cement the back-yard, making it comfortable for our babies during the summer time. It seemed as if this gift came directly from the skies, although through the Nieuhaus-Clifford Recital. How wonderful is all His love and care! "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Him Who loved us and gave Himself for us, be all the honour and glory!"

This poem was written for us by Annie Johnson Flint.

" 'Inasmuch as ye have done it
To the least of these'—
These, the scorned, cast-out, forsaken,
Wrecked on stormy seas,

"Beaten by the winds of terror,
Lashed by waves of fear,
Drifting, helpless and despairing,
Through a midnight drear;

"Inasmuch as ye have sought them
When no other cared
How, in stress of fierce temptation,
Soul or body fared;

"Inasmuch as ye have pitied,
Comforted and blessed,
Soothed the bruised and broken spirits
With the Christ's own rest;

"Inasmuch as ye have drawn them
From the miry clay,
Set their weak and falt'ring footsteps
In the one sure way,

"Led them, hopeless, heavy-hearted,
To the Open Door
Where the tender message met them,—
'Go, and sin no more;'

"Inasmuch as ye have taught them
Of a God unknown,
Of a Father's love that claims them—
Homeless and alone—

"That a Saviour died to lift them
From the depths of sin,
That His blood can make and keep them
Pure and white within;

"Inasmuch—oh, ye who labor
With and for the Lord,
Ye shall find your faithful toiling
Meet its due reward,

"Ye shall find your loving service
Blessedness shall win;—
To the joy of your Redeemer
Ye shall enter in."

Come and see us when you are in New York. God is faithful Who has promised. Praise be to His great and glorious name!

As ever yours—

CHAPTER XIX

The Passing Years

September, 1930.

My Dear:

It is over ten years since I wrote you last. We are half through our thirty-second year of service to His needy ones. Our Father God has been *so* faithful. Not one of His good promises has failed. Praise Him!

You speak of changed conditions in the modern life of to-day. The difference in inmates tells the tale. They are practically all American-born and better educated—high school, college, and of the professional class. You see we have the night clubs, the "speakeasy," automobile-riding, the movies, the dance and loose life in many forms, instead of the old saloon.

Last year at one time every inmate was a church-member. Think of it! Oh, it is such a pity for a young life to start in this way! Character that is to be in womanhood must be instilled in childhood and conserved in girlhood. Who's to blame? Largely, fathers and mothers. A lady said to me, "So all this is caused by their sins?" "Yes," I said, "but whose sins? The sins of the nation? The sins of society? Perhaps your sin and mine, for what are we doing to clean up this deadly atmosphere in which our young people live?"

Our Home is better equipped in many ways, and all the useful arts are taught, the Word of God having the supreme place. Over four thousand cases have passed through our hands. We hope to meet them all "at Home." Here each girl has found her Saviour and begun a new life.

We cannot express our gratitude to the old and loyal friends, many of whom have gone to their reward. New and faithful ones are helping us "carry on."

The tract-work, so entirely of the Lord's ordering, far exceeds our human imagination. Translations in Spanish, French, Japanese, Swedish, and in many dialects, show their usefulness. The tracts are used the world over in every conceivable way by Christian people.

May we ask you to become a member of our Associate Board, made up of praying friends in distant cities? Our slogan is: "Every friend make a new friend."

"Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Him be honor and glory forever." Our God is faithful.

As ever yours———.

From the *Sunday School Times*:

"Many people have become familiar with the New York mission with the appealing name 'Heartsease' through an account of it in Jacob Riis' widely read 'Neighbors.' Mrs. Kennedy, herself one of the two devoted women who, without money or influence, have been the visible means of this miracle, writes an appallingly bald account of the sickening depths in which fallen young girls find themselves bound by forces of sin and society and convention from which they are powerless to lift themselves. Many of these have come from good homes, and with at least a formal Sunday-school training. For them 'Heartsease' is well named, acquainting them with a mighty Saviour who lifts the burden of despair, cleanses the dreadful stain, and imparts His own pure life. Mrs. Kennedy has the graphic pen born of love and long experience. She knows whereof she writes. Such miseries are a reality to girls this hour. Who can live in ease at the cost of 'Heartsease' to one of the least of them?"

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OUR DEVOTIONAL LIFE
THE HEAVENLY VISION
THE ENCLOSED LIFE
HE THAT OVERCOMETH
CHRIST THE WORD
SOWING THE SEED
PERSONAL WORK
THE NAME

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"I [illegible] not in theological fashion, not in scientific fashion, with the blind beggar. He gave Him his sight. Then he was cast out of the synagogue, but Jesus found him—looked for him until He found him—and gave him the fellowship of the Son of God and saved his soul. This is just the following in the footsteps of the Master the 'Heartsease' is doing."

—Dr. C. I. Scofield.

"The book is a wonderful demonstration of God's goodness and faithfulness to answer prayer."

—L. Duncan Bulkey, M. D.

"I have been thinking about the necessity of cultivating in ourselves in all our Christian work, and especially in work of this nature, a spiritual insight for the smoking flax that He will not quench and for the bruised reed He will not break. It is this attitude that you and I must have in all our fellowship with one another if we wish to be associated with Christ in His work and in His glorious results."

—Dr. C. Woelfkin.

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